National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

THE STANDARD.

SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society assembled in the Horticultural Hall, Westchester, October 23d, 1854; JAMES MOTT, President, in the chair.

The PRESIDENT announced the death of Haworth Wetherald, who had served the Society so long and faithfully as Recording Secretary.

On motion of BENJAMIN C. BACON, Clinton Gillingham and Isaac Flint were appointed Secretaries of the meeting.

A Business Committee, consisting of Mary Grew, Mahlon B. Linton, Edward M. Davis, Joseph A. Dugdale, Oliver Johnson, Lucretia Mott, Thomas Whitson, Lucy Stone, J. Miller McKim and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, was appointed.

Benjamin C. Bacon, Simon Barnard, Thomas Borton, Chandler Darlington, Simpson Preston, Abby Kimber and Harriet Purvis were appointed a Committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE suggested the propriety of observing a period of silence before proceeding with the business of the meeting.

The proposition gave rise to an animated conversation, in which Lucretia Mott, Esther Hayes, James Mott, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Joseph A. Dugdale and others participated.

On motion of J. M. MCKIM, Resolved, That the sessions of this meeting be held as follows: from 9 1-2 till 12 1-2 o'clock in the morning, from 2 till 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and from 7 o'clock in the evening.

Resolved, That the sessions through the day be free, but that an admission fee of 12 1-2 cents be charged in the evening.

The resolution occasioned some discussion, in which Simon Barnard, Chandler Darlington, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Mary Grew took part, after which it was adopted.

On motion, Resolved, That a Committee on Finance, to consist of five persons, be appointed.

The following persons were appointed, viz.: Alice Jackson, Joseph A. Dugdale, Abby Kimber, Simmons Coates, Sarah Marsh Barnard.

Remarks were made by Dr. FUSSELL, EDWARD M. DAVIS and OLIVER JOHNSON, in favour of enlivening and improving our meetings by the influence of song, and recommending to young friends of the cause to cultivate their musical powers as a means of advancing good causes.

After a song by SAMUEL LONG, the meeting adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At the hour appointed, the meeting was called to order by BENJAMIN C. BACON.

J. MILLER MCKIM read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee. Though this was a long document, occupying an hour or more in the reading, it was listened to with the deepest attention to the end. It commenced by saying there was no Report last year, owing to the absence from the country of the Corresponding Secretary, whose usual business it is to prepare it, and that therefore it would be necessary now to go back a year in the retrospect in order to embrace all that had transpired of interest since the last account had been rendered.

The document then went back to the Fugitive Slave law; spoke of the disgraceful part that Pennsylvania had taken in the enactment of that atrocious statute, and in the subsequent efforts made to enforce it; stated that seven of her members of Congress, including one of her Senators, had voted for the bill, and that within a single year after its passage, thirty cases of recapture and rendition of slaves had occurred within the limits of the State, besides many atrocious cases of forcible and illegal abduction, under cover of and in consequence of the law.

But nevertheless the law had always been odious and was now fast becoming obsolete. There had been but three cases of rendition in the last two years; and of all the political and religious demagogues who in the beginning supported or apologized for it, there was not one now to do it reverence. It was of no more use to the South than the old law of 1793, which it superseded. Fugitive slaves were passing daily through the State without hindrance. There had been more escapes through Pennsylvania during the last than any preceding year.

The Nebraska Bill, and the part Pennsylvania had taken in regard to it, was then considered. Pennsylvania, always comprising in her Congressional delegation a large number ready to do the meanest work of the slaveholders, on this occasion furnished even more than her accustomed quota. Eleven of her members of the House, besides one of her Senators, had disgraced their State and dishonoured humanity by voting for the nefarious bill; Florence, Witte, Robbins, McNair, Bridges, Straub, Wright, Packer, Kurtz, Dawson, and Trout of the House, and Richard Brodhead of the Senate, and all *Democrats* at that! Could hypocrisy be grosser or profligacy more shameless!

But these creatures had misrepresented their State, as the returns of the election had just proved. Of the 25 members of Congress, 21 were anti-Nebraska men. But four members favourable to that bill had been returned, and these by greatly reduced majorities; and two of them, Florence and Cadwallader, were indebted for their election to the diversion produced in their favour by the Know-Nothing movement. Bigler, the Gubernatorial representative of the Pierce and Douglas policy, the man who had pardoned Alberti, was hurled from his place, and Pollock, the anti-Nebraska candidate, was put in his place by a majority of over 37,000 votes. This showed where Pennsylvania stood on the Nebraska and Slavery question. Politically, the Commonwealth had made good progress.

Religiously, the signs were not at all encouraging. The Church was, on this question, "twice dead and plucked up by the roots," and the clergy were "dumb dogs who cannot bark." Of course there were exceptions to this. Among the ministers were some of the truest of the true, and there were a few denominations—but they were comparatively obscure and uninfluential — whose fidelity was not to be questioned, such as the *Covenanters*, the *Free Presbyterians*, and a new body lately sprung up in Pennsylvania styling themselves *Progressive Friends*. But these bodies were small and exceptional, and as such only proved the truth of the general statement. The Church and clergy as a body served no good purpose except that of the vane on the steeple to show which way the popular wind blew. They followed in the wake of public opinion. They were the creatures, not the creators of public sentiment.

Commercially, the advancement of the cause was more marked. Pennsylvania, through her commercial metropolis, was bound to the South by the ties of trade, in addition to the political ligaments which hold her in common with the other free States to the body of slavery. These ties had of late been somewhat loosened. Philadelphia was now comparatively independent of the South. The new lines of railway had now opened up to her the trade of the West. This was vastly more profitable than that of the slaveholding States. The construction of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad was the dawning of a new era to Philadelphia. It removed from her a temptation which had been too much for her weak virtue. In the trade of the West her merchants can find customers without apologizing for slavery, and exchanges for their products without humbling themselves to the meanest of despots.

Socially, the signs were propitious. Abolitionists were not tabooed in society. The line of demarcation between them and the rest of the world was not so distinctly defined as it once was.

In the improvement of the free coloured people also, and in the diminished bitterness of the prejudice against colour, were also seen evidences of the progress of the cause. A great melioration was visible in the state of the coloured people. Their schools were multiplying, the standard of scholarship had risen, and education was rapidly on the advance. The material condition of the coloured people was also greatly improved. They were beginning to acquire wealth. A coloured man in prosperous business or of independent circumstances was no longer the rarity it used to be.

After reciting and dilating upon these evidences of anti-slavery advancement in Pennsylvania, the Report turned to a consideration of the condition of the Society, and of the means that were being used to accomplish its object. The organization was reported to be in a sound state, and everything was said to be working satisfactorily, though the review of the last year in this respect was not without its drawbacks. Then the death of Haworth Wetherald, a member of the Executive Committee and Recording Secretary of the Society, was alluded to in a touching manner and in terms of high eulogy. The departure of others less conspicuous, but not less sincere in their devotion to the cause, was also lamented; but with these exceptions, the organization and everything connected with it was in its usual sound and satisfactory condition. General harmony prevailed; old antagonisms had died away, and the Society, although embracing among its members and friends persons of every variety and grade of opinion on slavery, as well as on other subjects, was nevertheless a unit in general sentiment and practical action.

The report then went on to give an account of some changes that had been made in its instrumentalities. It mentioned the fact of Mr. Oliver Johnson's transfer from the *Freeman* to the *Standard* in the Spring of 1853, and the reasons therefor; and also the appointment of Mr. Cyrus M. Burleigh to his place, with the great regret of the Committee that this latter gentleman had been obliged, by ill health, to withdraw at first temporarily and at last entirely from the duties of his position. A strong testimony was borne to Mr. Burleigh's ability as an editor, and to his fidelity and devotedness as a friend of the cause, and a deep regret was expressed that he had been obliged, and that by illness, to withdraw from a position which he had so well filled and where he was so much needed.

The union of the *Freeman* with the *Standard* was next spoken of, and the reasons given at length for that measure. A natural regret was acknowledged at the disappearance of an old friend bearing a familiar and time-honoured name, but a confident belief was affirmed that the measure had been a wise and judicious one. It was called for by the circumstances. The Society had now an able organ and powerful auxiliary in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. It was all that could be reasonably asked, and all that was needed as a newspaper instrumentality, to the effectiveness of the Society.

In short, the Society was well organized and well appointed. Every needed appliance was at hand. Nothing was wanted but the hearty good will of its friends. The cause had made progress in Pennsylvania, but was still behind-hand as compared with other States. There were difficulties in the way, but they were not insuperable. "There is nothing impossible to him that wills." Truth is mighty. Rightly wielded, no iniquity can withstand it. Clad in its panoply one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. The document closed with an earnest exhortation to a renewal of anti-slavery vows and a fresh self-consecration to the work.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON rose to make some remarks suggested by the reading of the Report.

He maintained the necessity of promulgating our doctrines in the face of all opposition and apparent defeat; acknowledged the existence of mighty obstacles in the way of the movement, as shown by the immense extension of the slave system and slave territory since the Abolitionists commenced their work, but thought that, on the other hand, there was good reason to be hopeful and confident. The position of the pulpit, the press and the people, on the Nebraska question, the freedom with which the most radical views may now be expressed upon the floor of Congress, the suppression of the mob spirit, the increasing difficulty and danger of returning fugitives, the throwing off the mask by both North and South, the sharpness of the lines drawn between the friends of freedom and the supporters of slavery, were evidences, he thought, of the state of anti-slavery sentiment and the waning strength of the Slave Power. Yet, he looked forward to no overthrow of the accursed system till, in Church and State, the universal cry shall be, "No Union with slaveholders."

MARY GREW alluded to the notice of the death of Haworth Wetherald in the Annual Report and paid a feeling tribute to his fidelity and ability in the cause of the slave, and his mental and moral worth as a man, holding his character up as worthy of imitation by those who would bless their kind and win for themselves, as he doubtless had, the reward of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

OLIVER JOHNSON called attention to the omission of all notice of the Second Decennial Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which, occurred within the past year, and which was among the most encouraging events of the year.

ABBY KIMBER now read the Treasurer's Report:

Dr.	
Philadelphia Female A. S. Society	$2,000 00
Churchill Houston Legacy	470 91
Individual Subscriptions	3,300 50
Publishing Agent	2,308 70
Advertising and Sales of Books	849 85
	$8,929 96
Cr.	
Balance due Treasurer, from 1853	77 58
Loans	225 00
Agents and Editors	2,569 74
Printing Freeman	3,181 28
American A. S. Society	1,266 61
Rent of Office	408 36
Books for Office, Rent of Halls, Postage, &c.	1,193 39
	$8,921 96
Balance on hand	8 00
	$8,929 96

SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.*, '54.

OLIVER JOHNSON suggested the propriety of making the means of extending the circulation of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* the order of the day for 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

J. MILLER MCKIM thought that the means of increasing the efficiency of the Society, while it would include the subject proposed by Oliver Johnson, would offer a topic of wider interest.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY urged the importance of bringing anti-slavery reading before the people and earnestly pressed the claims of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* to the support of Abolitionists.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON recommended the *Standard* as a most efficient and faithful exponent of the sentiments of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

LUCY STONE proposed the appointment of a committee to obtain subscribers. She considered it indispensable to the progress of the cause, to increase the circulation of anti-slavery papers, as they were the only instrumentality by which the voice of the lecturer, now too rarely heard, can be replaced.

GEORGE SUNTER expressed similar views.

JOHN O. WATTLES, of Indiana, spoke of the need of reformatory efforts at the West. Ohio was fairly awake. Indiana two years ago was where Ohio was ten years ago. The light decreases as you go West in proportion to the square of the distance. Last year, a young woman came through the western part of Indiana. She lectured in Lafayette on the subject of Woman's Rights. It was known that she was an anti-slavery lecturer also. That fact had its weight with the people. Charmed with her eloquence as a Lecturer, revering her purity as a woman and honouring her as an advocate of Human Rights, they held sacred her opinions on other important subjects of reform. When the Nebraska bill came up before the nation, the people of the State felt called upon to act. The neighbourhood of Tippecanoe County, the district of John Pettit, sent near a thousand delegates to the State Anti-Nebraska Convention, and gave Pettit liberty to stay at home by some ten or twelve thousand majority. Could this same speaker now return, the great heart of the West would throb heartily to receive her. And should any others be sent, they would be heartily welcomed. The anti-slavery sentiment has swept the State, having elected anti-slavery candidates in every district but two. Not long since, I visited Kansas. The first place of note was the Methodist missionary station. I was welcomed very warmly by the son of the missionary, laughing, by way of apology, that his father was absent with a drove of slaves. I went among the Indians. The Chief had been converted to the views of the missionary, and his plantation was cultivated by slaves. A discussion had arisen among these innocent children of the forest relative to the right of slaveholding. The brother of the Chief headed the opposition and maintained that it was not right because, *they* would not like to be made slaves of. (Thus applying the Golden Rule in defiance of the missionary teaching.) The result was about an equal division of the numbers on each side. They had to decide against the practices of the Chief at the risk of their proportion of the payments of the Indian funds, which funds they were dependent upon from year to year, and all of which come through the hands of the accredited Chief. The brother of the Chief (whose name I have forgotten) told me himself that they (his party) refused to go to hear the missionary preach, or to send their children to the Mission School, solely on this ground. And if I have been correctly informed, this same Johnson was sent a delegate to Congress at the time this Nebraska Bill was concocted. The condition of the coloured people of Ohio has been greatly improved; nearly all the coloured schools in the State last year were taught by competent coloured teachers. A few years ago I supplied 23 settlements and schools with white teachers. They have now teachers of their own fully competent—also teachers qualified for high schools and superintendents.

Adjourned till evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by the President, JAMES MOTT. The Hall was well filled at an admission charge of 12 1-2 cents.

J. MILLER MCKIM offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Society cordially welcomes, on this occasion, the presence of William Wells Brown—once a fugitive slave, now a redeemed man by British philanthropy—after an absence of five years in the old world, during which time he has been a faithful and uncompromising labourer in the anti-slavery cause, and has everywhere commanded the respect and affection of those who have listened to his appeals.

Mr. McKim stated that he had met Mr. Brown on the other side of the water and knew something of the reputation he had earned for himself there, and the estimation in which he was held by the friends of the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain. He had rendered valuable services to the cause by the consistency, fidelity and ability with which he advocated its claims. The reason of his absence was to furnish the means necessary for the education of his two daughters, one of whom had now taken the honourable position of teacher of a respectable school in England, and the other was qualifying herself with a view to the same employment.

WM. WELLS BROWN was then introduced to the audience and spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen: The short time that I shall occupy your attention will be devoted more particularly to considering the condition and past treatment of the slaves and free people of colour in this country. With all the boasted philanthropy and Christianity of the people of this Republic, the coloured race has received at their hands treatment scarcely equalled by that of any people the world has ever known. Introduced into the colonies more than two centuries ago, bought and sold from generation to generation, they have indeed become the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." You have all heard of the horrors of the African slave trade. I do not know that I had a just idea of its horrors until I heard them depicted in the House of Commons in England, and I am sure that no countryman of mine would have been willing to have been identified on that occasion as a dealer in human beings. A great mistake was made by the fathers of this country when they incorporated the slave trade in the Constitution of the country, allowed the slave representation in Congress, and gave to the slaveholder the right to hunt his victims in the free States. It was believed that Christianity and Republicanism would wipe out the foul blot, but such has not been the result. On the contrary, the number of slaves has increased from a little more than half a million to three and a half millions. The African slave trade was abolished after a certain time, but a worse than the African slave trade continued to exist. The internal slave trade, it is true, has not the middle passage and the drowning of its victims; but the black race has, to some extent, become refined by intercourse and commingling of blood with the Anglo-Saxon, so that they feel more sensitively the separations of families, sundering of ties and other cruelties which are inseparable from the system. A hundred thousand slaves are taken from the slave-raising to the slave-consuming States every year. What a tale to tell future generations about the people of this country! Professors of Christianity, members of the popular religious denominations engaged in raising, selling, buying and whipping men and women on their plantations! Go into a southern market and see men and women sold in lots to suit purchasers, and then place yourselves in their condition, if you would feel for them as you ought. Place your wife, daughter or child in their position, to be struck off to the highest bidder, if you would realize their wrongs and sufferings. Indifference from our own friends and relations is sad; it is terrible indeed to the sensitive bosom. Then think of the slave mother who sees her child placed in the market and knows that that child is sold by its own father. This is no fancy picture; we know that such scenes do take place every day. Why do I stand before you, Mr. Chairman, to-night, not an African nor an Anglo-Saxon, but of mixed blood? It is attributable to the infernal system of American slavery. My father is a slave-owner, and at his instance was I sold on a southern plantation.

They tell us that the slave is contented and happy. I heard a gentleman travelling between New York and Philadelphia remark about his old slaves being cared for and watched over. It reminded me of what I saw in the Isle of Wight—a donkey enjoying a degree of liberty that no other animal was allowed to enjoy. For thirty years that donkey had drawn water from a very deep well and was now a pensioner. He was allowed his penny loaf of bread every day and full range of the premises, and he was strutting around like a duke; but, alas, his limbs were so stiff that he could scarcely move; his best days had been spent in a tread mill, drawing water, and he was hobbling about in his decrepitude. And so it is with the human donkeys in the South; if one [illegible] you send a man to the South to test by law this very right of the citizens of any State to all the immunities of the citizens of the several States under the Constitution, to bring it before one of the Courts of the United States in the South to be adjudicated, he is expelled from the State by mob violence.

I thank God, Mr. Chairman, that this question of American slavery is no longer a question between the black man and the slave-owner, but a question between the people of the North and South. You have allowed them to enslave the black man, to extend the institution and to make the whole North a hunting ground for their slaves, until the people of the free States can endure it no longer, and the North is now fairly pitted against the South. Look at your political parties torn asunder by the slavery issue—and I am glad of it. Look at your religious denominations divided on the same question—and I am glad of it. The great issue is beginning to be between the North and South. The people of the South have always looked upon the people of the North as their pliant tools, and I am glad to see the North becoming aware of it. You welcome the fugitive from European oppression, and, after shaking hands with him and congratulating him for his escape, you turn to catch the fugitive from American oppression and return him to his chains. And when you could find no better man to welcome, you welcomed John Mitchel, who is ready to join in the chase with you. Four hundred thousand foreigners come here every year, and you welcome them, while you drive the coloured American from your very doors.

But the people of the North are beginning to be aroused, and the cry of "disunion," which they have heretofore hated so much to hear, is practically becoming their watchword. The North is arrayed against the South, and you know it, and you are become practically co-workers with us. If you do not go as far as we do, you follow in the wake, and are coming up. Men that were Democrats and Whigs ten years ago are disunionists to-day, and Democrats and Whigs of to-day will be disunionists before the next ten years roll round. You have fostered slavery until you find yourselves enslaved. It was the sentiment of a distinguished writer that no man could put a chain upon the limbs of another without fastening a chain upon his own. You have helped the slaveholder put chains upon his slave until he has fettered your own limbs, and you are now beginning to see it.

I stand here to-night a freeman only by the act of British philanthropists. I left this country a slave; I returned a freeman. I am not indebted to my birth, or to your Constitution, or to your Christianity, or to your philanthropy for it. Am I then indeed an American citizen, or am I a foreigner? Call me what you please, I am nevertheless a freeman; and yet I feel scarcely more free than I did twenty years ago when I was working on Price's plantation. I felt then that I had as good a right to my freedom as the man who claimed me as his property, and, acting under that conviction, I started for the North. I could not help thinking, while abroad, of the treatment I had received in this country at the hands of the American people, and I asked myself, why is it that I can put up at one of the best hotels in Liverpool, or London, or Paris, or Rotterdam, and not in Philadelphia? Why is it that I can ride in the coach, or omnibus, or railcar, or steamboat, in Great Britain or on the continent, and enjoy the same privileges that any man enjoys, while I cannot do it here? It is not because of the colour of my skin, but because of the influence of slavery. My daughters were kept out of school in the State of New York, and would have been brought up in ignorance in this country, and so I resolved to take them away from this liberty-loving country and educate them under a monarchical government and institutions. They go abroad and they are received and treated according to their merits and not according to their colour, and to-day one of them, the daughter of an American slave, teaches a school of Anglo-Saxons, and the other is preparing herself, under another monarchical government, France, to follow the same employment. You talk about the despotism of Napoleon III. and yet your own countrymen escaping from American despotism can find protection under his throne. I could walk free and protected in any part of the Kingdom of Great Britain, but I dared not set foot on American soil until some southern scoundrel first received $300 for me. You have not a single foot of soil in all this republic on which I could have stood a year ago and said I was a freeman, though born and brought up here, and descended from ancestors who fought in the American revolution for American liberty. I know there is oppression abroad; I am not blind to the fact, that in all the governments of Europe there is more or less oppression, but before we talk of the oppression of other countries, let us look at our own; before you put out your hands to welcome the victims of foreign oppression, wash them clean so that the blood of the slave may not contaminate the hand of the foreigner. Before you boast of your freedom and Christianity, do your duty to your fellow-man.

The resolution offered by Mr. McKim was adopted.

Miss LUCY STONE then took the platform and offered a few remarks. She said that the people of this country had been wont to esteem themselves as a little the greatest, best, freest, and perhaps the wisest, people on earth. They boasted of a large territory, and were reaching out to grasp Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and the Sandwich Islands. It seemed as if the American people thought that wisdom would die with them. And yet a man like William Wells Brown is not recognised as a man by these same American people until he procures a paper which cancels the claim of another man to hold him as a chattel. With all their pretences of equal rights, this man, whose eloquent voice we have been listening to this evening, and which has been heard in the greatest cities of England, and whose manhood is never in the least questioned by the people who lived in foreign lands, is not known or acknowledged as a man by the American people. They profess to abhor kings and tyranny ever since their fathers were at war with King George, and they pretend to pity poor monarchical England, and yet England recognises and treats William Wells Brown as a man. And when he goes to France, the country of the great tyrant Louis Napoleon, among a people that the Americans consider so bad that they have to send missionaries to evangelize them and make them keep Sunday—a people so volatile that they are considered unfit for freedom—he is there greeted and welcomed as a man; no Frenchman ever dreams that he is a thing. But send him to South Carolina, and he is transformed into a mule, and sold in the [illegible] North, the whole North is ready to send him back as a mule. Now, while we are seeking the approval of ourselves and talking so much about our freedom and equality, let us remember that we have this black spot of slavery in the midst of us, and that our boasts sound in the ear of the rest of the world as the hollowest mockery and bitterest shame. It is due to every Abolitionist, early and late, earnestly and persistently to work until the public sentiment shall be brought to that pitch that he shall be known and recognised as a man in a country which calls itself the model republic.

Mr. GARRISON—Mr. President, well has the poet asked—

> "Where's the slave so lowly,
> Condemned to chains unholy,
> Who, could he burst his bonds at first,
> Would pine beneath them slowly?
> What soul whose wrongs degrade it
> Would wait till time decay'd it,
> When thus its wing at once might spring
> To the throne of Him who made it?"

Where is such a slave to be found? Where is such a human being to be found in this or any other part of the world? Did God ever make a man for the purpose of converting him into a slave? Was there ever implanted in the human soul any instinct for or affinity with a state of thraldom? Ask the 30,000 slaves who are to-night free, by virtue of the British flag, in Canada, why they fled from our land? What was it that inspired them to run the gauntlet through the breadth of our country, hiding by day, when God gave his own sunlight that all men might walk erect and fearlessly on earth under it, and coming out only in the darkness of the night, guided by the Northern Star—not afraid of wolves and bears, and other wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, but of Christian republicans — Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists? Ask the millions who are pining in servitude in the South whether they want to be free. Who doubt it? There are audacious and impudent men who tell us they don't want to be free—men who hold them as their property, who scourge them as they please, who group them for sale to the highest bidder. They say their victims don't desire to be free. Surely they are liars and the truth is not in them. Every sane man knows in his inmost soul that it is impossible for any slave, in the nature of things, to be contented with his condition. The soul was made for liberty, and the God whom we adore is a God who intends that all his creatures should be in the full enjoyment of liberty. And so our friend William Wells Brown had this inspiration within him; and though his master claimed him as property, he knew it was an unjust claim; though the religion of the land branded him as property, he knew it was a cruel deed; though it was said that the God of this nation had authorized his enslavement, he believed in no such God, and he resolved to flee away and get his freedom as he might. Oh, is it not humiliating that he stands before us to-night to tell us that by nothing that is strong in our own form of government, by nothing that pertains to our national flag, by nothing growing out of our religion, but in consequence of British gold proffered to a man who claimed him as his property, is he a free American citizen.

> "——And what man, seeing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush
> And hang his head to think himself a man!"

See how these same slaveholders and vindicators of slavery are condemned out of their own mouths. We ask them to emancipate their slaves and proclaim the Jubilee. What do they say? That slavery is ordained of God to last to the end of time; that this particular race, whose skins are not coloured like their own, is doomed to perpetual slavery; that anti-slavery is impiety; that our efforts to overturn the slave system is attempting to interfere with the Divine decrees. And yet all they want is gold enough to make them cast the decrees of God behind them and emancipate their slaves. Proffer the slaveholder a good round price for his slaves, and see if he will talk about the decrees of God and the danger of emancipation. The power of gold, and not the will of God, works miracles that the old ages never dreamed of. What a hypocritical plea! What is he but a hypocrite, no matter what his profession, who makes such a plea? He knows himself to be a hypocrite; he knows he is an unprincipled man who attempts to apologize for a man who turns his fellow-creature into a mere piece of property, an article of merchandise. The reason why we do not argue upon this subject is because there is no argument in it. No time is to be lost in arguing it, but we must rebuke and denounce a sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. Detecting the people in the act of man-stealing, and finding three millions and a half of human beings in their possession, their manhood strangled, their intellect crushed, their souls debauched, we have nothing to do but denounce and pronounce sentence against the land. All else is waste time. The people do not need light. God never yet left a people in the dark, nor can they put themselves in the dark so as to make their acts excusable when they attempt to turn their fellow-men into brute beasts.

Our guilt as a nation is unparalleled, because our light is unparalleled. When we boast of our greatness, it is not an idle boast. With our enterprise, invention, industry, wealth, courage and power, it is not an idle boast. We are a great and powerful nation, and unto us are committed the oracles of God; yet, in spite of all this, our hands are stained with blood. Four thousand years ago, Moses went to Pharaoh and said, Thus saith the Lord God: let my people go, that they may serve me. Is it surprising that Pharaoh resisted and said, Who is the Lord that I should let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let them go. Christians in our time marvel at such stubbornness. And yet I am not surprised that Pharaoh scorned to give heed to the voice of Moses. Pharaoh was an idolater, a heathen; he worshipped many gods, and served them most faithfully; and here came up an obscure man, demanding, in the name of a new and unknown God, that he should emancipate those whom he held in servitude. And I do not wonder at all that the Jews hunted, persecuted and outlawed Isaiah and Jeremiah, and the other prophets. These prophets not only made war upon their sins, but upon their religion. Isaiah said, To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me, saith the Lord, your burnt offerings, your new moons, your Sabbaths and your solemn assemblies? I am weary to bear them; my soul hateth them. And yet these were all ceremonials and rites required by their religion, as given them by Moses. Why could not Isaiah be contented with saying, your hands are stained with blood?—that they could not deny; judge the widow and the fatherless—that they ought to do? But he attacked their heaven-derived religion, [illegible] and solemn assemblies, and so they looked upon him as an infidel or heretic. Jeremiah says, I did not command your fathers, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings—thus giving the lie to the old records which declared that God did command them to make burnt offerings. I say, under such circumstances, it is not surprising that a strong religious indignation was felt against the prophet. And so in regard to Jesus; to me it is no marvel that he was treated as he was, as a man scarcely fit to live, and why? Because he assailed the religion of that day. "Behold, a greater than Solomon is here." "Before Abraham was, I am." "Ye have heard, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; I say unto you, love your enemies." It was a new religion, a new idea of God; therefore, the religious sentiment was aroused, became malignant and persecuted him unto death.

In regard to the Abolitionists, how is it? We come to the nation, in the name of the Lord God, and we say, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke and let the oppressed go free; and they turn upon us and hate and ostracise us. What have we done? Not, like Moses, presented to the nation a new God, but we come in the name of the God whom this nation professes to revere; we reiterate the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Declaration of Independence. Now, is not this a marvel that, when we come in the very name of the God of the nation, and the democracy of the nation, we should be regarded as the worst men in the community, the vilest of the vile, as infidel to God and treasonable to our country? It only shows how thoroughly corrupt we are as a nation; that our reverence for God is a mere sham, and our regard for Jesus Christ a base imposture. Those who pretend to find arguments to justify the enslaving of their fellow-men from the Gospel of Jesus are the last men in the world who ought to pretend to anything of Christianity, humanity, conscience or manhood. They are apostates from God, and traitors to their own souls.

Friends, what a work is before us! The slaves are multiplying every day — yes, every hour. Every five minutes that passes witnesses a child born to be a slave. That child whom God has made to be free is seized and blotted out from the human race. Three hundred children are born in slavery every day—a hundred thousand every year—a million in ten years—and in a generation a number equal to the population of the State of New York!

Where is the work to be done? The sin is here as long as slaves can be hunted through this State, seized and dragged back to servitude. I reproach not Pennsylvania as a regenerate State; it is just so in Massachusetts. Though we have Faneuil Hall, the Bunker Hill Monument, the plains of Lexington and Concord, still, Massachusetts is not willing to protect the fugitive slave who may be demanded by his master; she falls powerless before the whip of the slave-driver. Our business, then, is not with the South. There is not power enough in the slave States alone to hold their slaves in boudage one hour. The slave system finds its entire support in the North.

One result of the anti-slavery agitation has been to take off all masks. We know where men stand; no man can skulk now. We know where the parties stand, where the churches stand; everything is made manifest to the light. What have we to do then? First, to see to it that we wash our own hands in innocency—that we make no compromises, religiously or politically, with slavery, and then go forth to grapple with the iniquity wherever we find it. Let us appeal to the consciences of men and show them that as long as they give themselves to sanction the system, it is utterly impossible for them to be saved by the merits of Jesus Christ; that he that hateth his

brother without a cause is a murderer. Oh, to be persecuted because of the manner in which a gracious God has chosen to make me! The man that would hunt, revile and outlaw me, because God has chosen to make me of a different complexion, though he make ever so many prayers, I would say to him, you are an impious hypocrite.

Remember then, friends, them that are in bonds as bound with them. If I have been thought to speak strongly and harshly as the advocate of the slave, it is because you have been accustomed to think of the victims as afar off. I do not so regard them. I do not want to see them toiling on Southern plantations, to hear their groans and their shrieks, to see the blood flowing from their bodies, to count their stripes, or to hear the bay of the bloodhounds in pursuit of the fugitive. The victim is in my own soul; his case is my own case; it is the cause of liberty—the cause of every human being whom God has created; it is pre-eminently my case, because if I am not true here there is no truth to be found anywhere else. I try to speak, therefore, as though it were my own wife about to be torn from my arms, my own daughter, my own child, and never again permitted to see me again. It is in this spirit I always look at and argue this subject. I am bound to do so by the common nature which God has given us all.

Well, what shall we do? The course to me is plain. If we are the abettors of man-stealing, we must cease to be such. Are we giving a religious sanction to slaveholding, by fellowshipping slaveholders as Christians, then God calls upon us to cease doing it. The voice of God is to this great North, if it would not be carried down by this maelstrom of slavery into the depths of mire, "come out and be separate"; leave the slaveholding system to its own ruin and dread accountability. All short of this is giving the nation up to destruction. It is not enough that we now and then aid a fugitive slave, or attend an anti-slavery meeting, cast an anti-slavery vote, or now and then bear anti-slavery testimony, unless we have made a true and vital issue with slavery.

My friends, my motto is "No Union with Slavery, religious or political." Some may ask me what I mean by that. Suppose I should say, no union with idolaters, what would that imply? Does any Christian here need an explanation of it? Does anybody need to be told what is meant by no union with highwaymen? The meaning is plain—no union to perpetuate slavery, no union to sustain idolatry, no union to countenance highway robbery. And the duty is more imperative because of the condition of the religious union imposed by the South, which requires us to acknowledge that God, in the Bible, has instituted slavery as a Divine institution. The condition is that we shall deny our God and stain our souls with the blood of human beings. And we say no union politically, because the slaveholder requires, as the condition of our waking together under a common government, that we shall allow him a representation for his slave property; that we shall hunt his slaves through the land; that we shall employ the army and navy for the protection of his property. They even tell us that they are going to have more than was stipulated for by the Constitution; they mean to take their slaves into the free States wherever they please. Senator Lumbs, of Ga., boasts that he will yet count his slaves on Bunker Hill and bid defiance to Massachusetts to take one of them. It may seem an idle boast, but what have we not yielded to the South? While we remain as we are, Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers, and men of various names—an Ishmaelitish body, every man's hand against his brother—we shall be defeated. We are lost unless, like the South, the people of the North, for the sacred cause of liberty, like kindred drops mingle into one. Let sect and party go until we have got a common liberty for all. That which is inexorable, which never yields, of course will always conquer that which is compromising, and time-serving. If you bring against granite nothing but glass, rely upon it, it will not be the granite that will be broken, but the glass. As yet we have presented nothing stronger than that. We must unite then; it is a common cause. When I took up this cause twenty-five years ago, little did I dream that I was to struggle so hard for liberty—that I was to become an outlaw for pleading the cause of the slave on Southern plantations. But God has shown to me, as he has to you, that it is not the cause of the poor slave alone, but of the whole country—nay, of the whole world; for, by the presence of slavery in this land, we present to the nations of the earth the greatest obstacle to the progress of liberty. We are, as a nation, a by-word and a hissing everywhere on the other side of the Atlantic. No American dares to speak of our Republicanism abroad; they laugh him to scorn. Slavery seeks its affinities and alliances with such countries as Brazil and Russia. It hates England because she is anti-slavery. The national organ at Washington says we ought to see to it that our allies against England and France should be Russia on the one hand and Brazil on the other.

There is where this nation stands. The struggle is grown sublime. Where do you stand, brother and sister? How do you feel about this matter? Make it your own case, and then you will find, if you never did before, that you have got a God worth loving and serving; you will find yourself growing as men and women; you will enter into a new life; you will belong to a new kingdom; you may then talk of heaven and offer up prayers to God and expect a blessing; you may then take up the song of victory and receive the plaudit of "well done, good and faithful servant."

At the conclusion of Mr. Garrison's speech, Samuel Long entertained the audience by singing one of his original songs. Mr. Long is a full-blooded African, was once a slave, and, though unable to read, he has composed a number of anti-slavery songs, which have been written out by an amanuensis. The songs are full of noble sentiments of freedom, together with considerable wit and satire, though rather rude and rough in composition.

The meeting adjourned till to-morrow.

SECOND DAY.—Morning Session.

Oliver Johnson read the letter of a Mississippi slaveholder to Horace Greeley, offering to sell him, for $1,000, a handsome and intelligent slave woman, the daughter of a South Carolina Judge, and Mr. Greeley's reply in the *Tribune*.

The Secretary (Mr. Flint) read a letter to a friend present at the meeting, from a gentleman residing at St. Anthony, Minnesota Territory, giving some encouraging statements in regard to the popular sentiment of that region on the subject of slavery, and stating that funds had been raised towards establishing an anti-slavery press there.

The President remarked that the information contained in that letter showed that the principles of anti-slavery were spreading widely in the country. He then read an extract from a letter written by a member elect to the next Congress from a district in Ohio, heretofore considered hopeless. The friends of freedom deemed it best to make a nomination and were surprised to find themselves in a triumphant majority.

Dr. Thomas was then introduced to the audience, as the man who rescued the slave girl from the cars at Salem. He stated, as a sequel to that transaction, that Southerners, in order to take their slaves through that town, were now obliged to charter a car and lock themselves up in it together with the slaves, conductor and all, to prevent arrest of kidnappers.

Joseph Dugdale, of E. Marlborough, while the committee were preparing the resolutions, made a few remarks in favour of extending the circulation of the *Standard*, and urging the necessity of greater exertion in the cause, relying upon an infinite God. Our duty was to labour for the right and leave the consequences to God. Prior to the passage of the British emancipation act, it was a prevailing sentiment that that act would be followed by a general massacre of the masters. The intrepid editor of the *Liberator* boldly predicted beforehand that there would be no such result, and he was right. He understood the laws of human nature which God implanted in men, and that their destructive properties would not be aroused by an act of justice. The anti-slavery movement was the mother of all reforms. Slavery, if not peacefully abolished, would abolish itself in blood.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe, of Buffalo, said that she had sat in this meeting burdened with the sympathies of her nature until she could sit still no longer. Perhaps she had no words to utter that should claim their approbation, but she had out-gushings of emotion which she knew must meet with a response from this audience. From her youth, since she first heard of slavery, she had regarded it as the darkest and most damning sin with which a nation or an individual could be concerned; and when a young bride, upon perusing the first anti-slavery paper that was ever placed in her hands, could she then have seen an opening, she verily believed she should have left not only father, mother and friends, but husband, to go forth and preach salvation to humanity. But she saw no opening, and from her soul she envied those who were permitted to work in this cause. The friends engaged in it had gained a moral force and intellectual power which those who stood aloof or were only engaged in collateral causes were strangers to. Do what we will; pray as we may; have all faith—yea, faith that would move mountains; if we have not works to go with it, it is vain and fruitless. Let those who have an offering to lay upon this altar bring it now.

It is said our country is in peril. Our country is doomed; it is lost; it has passed the crisis; it is past salvation. Spread abroad these doctrines as you may, you cannot save the country. It is lost to all sense of self-respect, and every emotion of true feeling. When I see men like Edward Greeley Loring doing a hangman's deed on hangman's day—when I see him plucking out his heart as it were, and laying it all warm and quivering in the dust at the feet of slavery—when I see a man who, heretofore had been considered amiable, just and humane, for the paltry pittance of ten dollars, at the beck of slavery, with not even the excuse of proceeding according to law, but in violation of law and of the Constitution, even of the Fugitive Slave law itself, what right have I to hope that there is yet salvation for this country? I tell you it will go down; there is no help but in a miracle.

Mrs. C. then proceeded to maintain that the two principles of freedom and slavery were to conflict in this country—slavery in two forms, one spiritual, in the shape of Papacy, and the other material, in the shape of Northern servitude; that they had an affinity for each other and would combine their forces. She citsed a facts, to prove her position, the calling out of the Irish military companies to put down the people of Boston, and the attempts of the Romanists to control their church property.

I have often wondered, when listening to the eloquence of my coloured friends, that their tones were not heart-broken—that they did not speak as if from a fountain of sorrows whose waters were dried up. As I listened to my friend Brown, last evening, I thought of him parted from his mother, of her being driven to the rice swamps, perchance of his parting from brothers and sisters, and then of his standing before us free only by virtue of a little slip of paper acknowledging the receipt of $300. The wonder is that such men should not rise up and curse this nation as it has cursed them—only they are too Christian-like to do it. You admit the foreigner into your houses, while you dare not trust your silver in their presence, but put it under look and key; but such men as William Wells Brown and Samuel R. Ward you expect to cower and crouch like dogs before you. I thank God there are some who never will do it, but will face the white man as an equal. I listened to Samuel R. Ward, three years ago, in Cincinnati, and there stood in that room white men who had called him a "nigger" as they passed him in the cars, and I rejoiced to see how he subdued that audience with the power of his eloquence. There sat men of towering intellects, who had achieved a high reputation at the bar, and yet no man's lips in that meeting seemed to be so touched with holy fire as those of Samuel R. Ward. And yet we continue to put the brand of servitude and degradation upon such men, and treat them as anything but men. Oh, shame be to our country, and shame be to us if we do not use the talents God has given us so that if we cannot save our country, we may be the means of raising out of its ruins a grander superstructure, under which all classes and conditions of men and women, without regard to sex or colour, may take shelter.

The Business Committee reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the confidence of this Society in its fundamental principles is confirmed by the experience of years; and that we, to-day, re-assert the inalienable right of every man to liberty, the consequent inherent sinfulness of slaveholding, and the duty of the immediate and unconditional emancipation of every slave.

2. Resolved, That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which opens the vast Territories of Nebraska and Kansas to the admission of slavery, is an act of treachery to Freedom, a violation of national faith, disgraceful alike to the American Congress and to the nation which it represents; that it imperils liberty in every State of our Union, and calls for the indignant remonstrance of every citizen of the North.

3. Resolved, That those Members of Congress (self-styled Democratic) from Pennsylvania who prostitu their influence and votes to aid the consummation this grand iniquity, while they betrayed the ancient honour of this Commonwealth, grossly misrepresented her before the world; in proof of which we adduce the emphatic rebuke so recently passed upon their treachery by the collective voice of an indignant people.

4. Resolved, That we again indignantly repudiate the statute commonly called the "Fugitive Slave Law" as an outrage upon Humanity, and an insult to God; that we owe it neither respect nor obedience; and that, disregarding all human laws to the contrary, we will NOT "bewray him that wandereth," nor "return unto his master the slave who has escaped from his master unto" us.

5. Resolved, That the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise are only the natural fruits of the poison tree of Slavery; that to complain of these fruits, while assiduously nourishing the tree itself, is the height of infatuation; that the work to be done is to lay the axe at the root of the tree, and cease not until it be cut down and given to the consuming fire.

6. Resolved, That any incidental or side issue with the Slave Power, in regard to its encroachments upon the rights and liberties of the North, or the violation of its plighted faith, or its further territorial extension, must inevitably result in utter defeat; that while the North continues in religious and political alliance with the South, slavery will continue to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes, laughing to scorn all opposition; that the dissolution of the American Union is the paramount question of the hour, and essential to the safety, innocency and prosperity of the North, and the speedy and universal triumph of the cause of Liberty.

7. Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to the friends of the slave to maintain the consistency of their principles and practice, by the purchase and use of the products of free, rather than those of slave, labour.

8. Resolved, That though a man's right to liberty is not dependent upon the authority of any book, yet we regard the spirit of the Bible as breathing a burning rebuke against oppression, and we look upon those ecclesiastical bodies or individuals who appropriate it in support of American slavery as infidel to the Christian religion.

9. Resolved, That the prejudice against the coloured man existing in this country, which denies him the right of suffrage, excludes him from places of public amusement, from the omnibus and the steamboat cabin—which forbids him to sit or kneel beside his white fellow-worshippers in our churches, shuts against him the doors of our schools and colleges, denying him the means of intellectual and spiritual development, and then tauntingly accuses him of mental inferiority to the white man—is *sinful*, inasmuch as it is a violation of the Christian law of love; is *mean*, inasmuch as it is the oppression of the weak by the strong; and is *cruel*, inasmuch as it inflicts inexpressible suffering upon the innocent.

10. Resolved, That a personal obligation rests upon each of us to labour for the eradication of this prejudice, and for the restoration of this injured portion of our people to the enjoyment of their social and political rights.

11. Resolved, That we earnestly renew our testimony against the American Colonization Society as an organization vitalized and controlled by the malignant and unchristian spirit of colourphobia; inculcating the monstrous doctrines, through its official organ and lecturing agents, that there is a natural barrier to the elevation of the coloured race in this country—that prejudice against a coloured complexion is inherent and inextinguishable in the heart of every white person—that it will be demonstrative proof of our Christian concern for the salvation of poor benighted Africa, to expatriate to her shores those whom we are necessitated to crush and degrade while they remain in our midst—that slaveholding is compatible with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and Abolitionism an abomination in the sight of God—and that it is far better to keep the slaves in their chains, if they cannot be expelled from our land, than to have them emancipated on the American soil.

12. Resolved, That the testimony of that Society, in regard to the success of the colony at Liberia, is not to be relied on, because it is from an interested source, and because a combination that is animated by such a spirit will assuredly deceive and falsify in regard to the actual condition of those whom it has shipped to Africa.

13. Resolved, That, actuated by no spirit of illiberality toward the colonists in Liberia, but hoping that all which is alleged in regard to their comfortable and improving condition is true, we affirm that, whatever may be the success of the experiment abroad, the American Colonization Society is none the less to be abhorred for its proscriptive spirit, its expulsive design, its unnatural position, and its wicked duplicity; as whatever good to the world may have resulted from the crucifixion of Jesus, those who nailed him to the cross are not to find their justification therein, or to be exempted from condemnation for their murderous procedure.

14. Resolved, That while we rejoice to perceive, on the part of the religious press and some of the churches and pulpits in various parts of the land, indications of a somewhat favourable change of position in respect to our cause, we are still constrained to declare that "the American Church is the bulwark of slavery," and consequently a thoroughly apostate body, whose claim to be the church of Him who came to "open the prison to them that are bound" is equally shameless and profligate.

15. Resolved, That while we deeply regret the absence of our faithful and indefatigable coadjutor, Parker Pillsbury, at a time when the labours of such a champion of the cause are pre-eminently needed in this country, we yet heartily rejoice that the American Anti-Slavery Movement is now represented in Great Britain by one so fully acquainted with its history and so thoroughly imbued with its principles; cieties in commending him (as we are happy to see that he has already commended himself) to the sympathy and confidence of the friends of our cause in that country.

16. Resolved, That we are rejoiced to perceive in England, and on the continent of Europe, a growing interest in the anti-slavery cause in this country, and an increasing desire to aid it by religious testimonies and liberal contributions; and that, in particular, we are greatly cheered by the proceedings of the great Anti-Slavery Conference which was held in Manchester on the first of August, and strengthened by its hearty approval of the course of the American Abolitionists.

17. Resolved, That in this, as in all other reforms, the newspaper press is a powerful auxiliary, and that in no other way can Abolitionists better serve the cause than by doing what may be in their power to support and extend the circulation of anti-slavery journals.

18. Resolved, That the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, beside the double claim it has upon us as the organ of this Society, as well as the official journal of the parent Association, commends itself to us by its inherent excellence and the distinguished ability and judgment with which it is conducted, and that we regard it as one of the most potent instrumentalities we can employ for the advancement of our cause.

19. Resolved, That prompt and energetic measures should be taken by the Executive Committee, and the individual members of the Society, to enlarge the list of the *Standard's* subscribers, and that, as one step toward this, it be recommended to each person who now takes the paper, to procure for it, at least, one other subscriber.

20. Resolved, That we regard the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair as an important agency in carrying on the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and that we urge upon every Abolitionist of Pennsylvania the duty of aiding it, to the extent of his or her ability.

21. Resolved, That our Treasurer's Report, for the last year, testifies to the past liberality of Pennsylvania Abolitionists, and justifies the confidence that they will promptly furnish the money necessary for carrying on the cause, during the ensuing year.

22. Resolved, That it is, now, expedient for us to raise the sum of one thousand dollars, in cash and pledges, from the friends of the cause here assembled.

23. Resolved, That the experience of the past year and the present aspects of our cause stimulate our faith, our hope, and our zeal, and that, while conscious that a great and arduous work is before us, we joyfully address ourselves to the labours of another year, confident that our enterprise is destined to complete and glorious success.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott proposed that resolutions number 17, 18 and 19, in relation to the circulation of the *Standard* and to the importance of the press as an auxiliary to the cause, be first considered, which was agreed to.

Wm. Wells Brown said he was struck with the efficiency of the methods of English reformers in spreading information among the people by means of tracts. On one occasion, going out of Exeter Hall, he received more tracts of different kinds than he could put in his pocket. He esteemed it all-important that the *Standard* should be circulated far and wide, together with printed documents. It was in districts where anti-slavery journals were circulated that there was found the most anti-slavery feeling.

J. Miller McKim considered the *Standard* as one of the most potent auxiliaries in the promotion of the cause, and at this present time the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania had really no other powerful auxiliary in which they could put their trust. The *Pennsylvania Freeman* had been merged in the *Standard*, not because the cause had gone backward in that State, but for want of the proper men to conduct it and make it what it should be; nor could money procure them. They did not wish to publish a second or third-rate paper, and therefore they merged the *Freeman* with the *Standard*. The *Standard* had recently improved in literary merit, and was now a paper of the first order.

Mrs. Mott did not like to have any one entertain the idea that the Pennsylvania Society had given up the *Freeman*; it had only been transferred to New York. They had formerly employed agents to go forth in the cause. They had done their work, and now those whose hearts had become enlisted through their efforts should be ready to become their own agents and work themselves.

Mr. Garrison said that without practice theorizing was good for nothing. The proposition had sometimes been submitted at Boston whether it would not be well to discontinue the *Standard*, because it required so much to sustain it. His answer had been invariably, when I am prepared to give up the *Standard*, I think I shall be prepared to give up the American Anti-Slavery Society; for what is a National Society without a mouthpiece to speak to the nation and to the world?

Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, said that having been for thirty years a prominent agent of the underground railroad, and having had to contribute sometimes very largely in that way, he could do but little else; nevertheless, he would pledge himself to procure five subscribers for the *Standard*.

A slip of paper was handed to Mr. Garrison containing the following: "The disunion preached by Abolitionists constitutes a strong ground of objection. I would like to hear thy views on the subject." Mr. G. accordingly announced that he would take this evening to express his sentiments on that point.

After listening to a song by Samuel Long, the Convention took a recess until the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.

The question was taken on resolutions number 17, 18 and 19, which were under discussion in the morning, and they were adopted.

Mary Grew moved the consideration of the resolutions in relation to finance (Nos. 21 and 22), and made a strong appeal in their support.

Mr. McKim and Miss Susan B. Anthony followed with a few remarks.

Mr. Garrison suggested the suspension of the consideration of the resolutions now under discussion, if such was the pleasure of the Society, in order to discuss the disunion resolutions, as some persons who had expressed a desire to hear the discussion had intimated that they could not be present in the evening.

The Convention accordingly took up resolutions number 5 and 6.

Mr. Garrison—Mr. President, there are lying on your table resolutions which embody topics of very great interest and importance to our cause; but, in my judgment, the question for us all to look in the face is the one involved in the resolutions I am now about to discuss, in regard to the existing American Union—whether we can be partners thereto without involving ourselves in blood guiltiness, without becoming responsible for all that is done south of Mason and Dixon's line by those who are trading in slaves, and in the souls of men, and without losing our own self-respect, true manhood, freedom of thought and freedom of speech. Probably no man ever yet commenced a great enterprise who saw the end from the beginning. I do not believe that when the Apostles rallied around the standard of the cross, they clearly foresaw and comprehended all they would be called to pass through. I do not think that when Luther bore his testimony against a single act of the Church of Rome, to wit, the granting of indulgencies, he dreamed of ever becoming an outcast from that church, or of entering into such a religious conflict as subsequently took place on his part with that power. When our fathers began their remonstrances against the mother country, they did not contemplate independence—did not imagine that the time ever would come when they would declare that England had no rightful authority over them. And almost up to the hour when the first gun of the revolution was fired, in their petitions to the British Parliament, they professed loyalty and disclaimed any wish to form an independent government; and yet immediately afterwards Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill opened the revolutionary struggle, which did not terminate until they declared themselves free and independent. And so, when we became the advocates of the cause of the bondman in our country, we saw little before us; we did not know what it would cost us, nor where we ourselves stood. We had no idea it would cost us our right hand or right eye, but gave ourselves to the perishing slave as unto God, and we in good faith agreed to stand by him, never forsake him, and never to allow anything to come in contravention of his rights. Now, our contest has been one of progress. We have advanced from one outpost to another, and I think we now stand before the very citadel of the Slave Power, which is the American Union. To stand where we did a few years ago would be to occupy a pro-slavery position. I was a pro-slavery man when I commenced the *Liberator*, and years afterwards, by my position, not by my will, not by my understanding at that hour. But then I did not know where the party to which I was allied had its affinities on the subject of slavery. The test had not been applied, and I did not know that the religious denomination with which I was then identified was a pro-slavery one, and that, by my remaining with it, I also occupied a pro-slavery position, in fact, not in purpose. But the light dawned gradually and revealed my position, and that of my denomination and party, and the alternative presented itself to me—to abandon the one and in his chains and blood or to put aside the denomination and trample upon the party. This was the trial of our fidelity—whether we would allow our party or sect to be paramount to the claims of dying humanity. Many who, up to that hour, had run well forsook us and fled, and they have never since walked with us. It was a hard saying—who could bear it?—that party and sect were inferior to the slave, and that we must be true to him, as though he were the very incarnation of Jesus Christ.

Now, to come to the question of disunion. Religiously, we were met by the outcry of infidelity. We testified against a pro-slavery Church, and the Church very naturally cried out against us that we were infidels, and we took that name to ourselves, from such a source, with a great deal of comfort. And when we testified against the Government of the land, we were denounced as traitors; and we accept the term from that source—we *are* traitors to a slaveholding and slave-breeding and slave-hunting government, and do not mean to be loyal to it. And why should we not be traitors, Mr. President? We come of treasonable blood. It is an old habit in this country. Our fathers began early, and their blood is running in our veins. They saw the travail of their souls, and were satisfied; looking into the vista of the future, they saw a free and independent republic, and knew their reputations would be fully vindicated in all time. We are disloyal, and yet in this disloyalty there is found the best loyalty; we are disorderly, and yet there is, at times, in disorder perfect order. It may seem paradoxical, but it is none the less true.

Our fathers have justified us in rebellion, both political and ecclesiastical. In the Declaration of Independence, they have declared that when any form of government becomes destructive of the ends of liberty, it is not only the right, but the duty, of the people to throw off such government, and to institute another with safeguards whereby liberty may be secured. When shall a tyranny be resisted? When a majority are prepared for it; when we can get all the people willing that it shall be done. And so in regard to a corrupt Church. And it must be done by every individual for himself; it is an individual work, and we are not bound to wait until there shall be a majority to take action. Do your duty as an individual; and if your conscience compels you to stand outside of the Church or Government, then take your position and bide your time; you will have others that will follow your footsteps in due time, if you occupy solid ground. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." That is a great truth which you and I are to incorporate into the very existence of our souls, and we must act upon it with such weapons and instrumentalities as we can conscientiously use.

Our fathers were not traitors in a bad sense; they were not against government in a bad sense. It was a slander on the part of the tories of England when they taunted Hancock, Adams, Warren and Washington, with being disloyal, lawless men in an evil sense. It was an outrageous slander upon the Apostles when they were accused of being disturbers of the peace in an evil sense. It was doubly atrocious when the Jews said to Jesus, "he hath a devil." And so with regard to ourselves. We are the government. Liberty is government; true liberty is perfect government. Whoever stands by that is the friend of man; whoever goes over to despotism, or compromises it, is doing homage to Satan, not to God. When the Church of Rome excommunicated Luther and Melancthon, and their associates, as heretics, Luther turned around and outlawed the Church of Rome, pronounced it spurious and corrupt, and gloriously said, "we are the church." So in this struggle, disunionists are the only true friends of union, of peace, of order, of liberty, of justice. What they desire is that all these glorious elements should combine in our land, and throughout the world.

Now, what is liberty under the Constitution? This meeting in every slave State is an unlawful meeting. Can you bear to live in a Union of that kind? Is not the evil greater than the three-penny tax on tea, which our fathers would not bear? Then I say that so far as a portion of this country is concerned, it ought to be outlawed by us. It is impossible that we can have any union with it.

Then in regard to the freedom of the press; in fifteen States in this Union, there is no free press—there can be none. No man dare establish a free press in one-half of the Union.

And so in regard to free speech and the right of locomotion. In one word, so far as the slave States are concerned, we might as well attempt to oppose the Czar of Russia to his face, with impunity, as to say anything in favour of the cause of freedom in one-half of our Union. The Union, therefore, so far as it was originally intended for all people, has long since ceased to exist. The Slave Power exerts a complete mastery over all things; and we are now in the midst of a great revolution—greater than that which our fathers engaged in.

You are not only outlawed yourselves in the manner I have mentioned, but your own coloured citizens are still more outlawed, and are even outlawed in your own State. In Massachusetts, we go beyond you in justice to the coloured man; I am glad to belong to a Commonwealth which does not infringe by statute in the least degree upon the rights of its coloured citizens. The people of the old Bay State are solemnly pledged with one another that any injury done to one is an injury done to the whole, and that the liberties of each citizen shall be maintained against the world; and yet our coloured citizens are outlawed in all the slave States. They dare not go South for fear of being seized and thurst into dungeons, and peradventure sold into slavery. What kind of a Union is that to talk about? Suppose we should undertake to shut up and imprison any man from the South that is a slaveholder—and surely if any man ought to be imprisoned and even hanged, it is the slaveholder—how long would the South wait before coming to an issue with us in regard to the continuance of the Union?

Then the Union exists because of slavery—because the North is a slave-hunting gound; and just as soon as you cease making it such, and declare that no power in this land shall take a slave from your midst, you may ask what has become of the American Union. This is the price, this is the condition of the existing American Union.

Now, just so far as we resolve to become the friends of the slave, we, of course, become disunionists, of necessity. There is no true anti-slavery man living who is not, by the necessity of his position, a disunionist, whether he is aware of it or not. Between anti-slavery and pro-slavery God has made an impassable gulf; the elements must be everlastingly antagonistical. The slaveholder threatens to lynch us anti-slavery men; he regards us as his deadliest enemies. What Union is there between us? It is the Union of fire and water. We have made our election; we stand by the slave, and the slaveholder threatens us, as he does his slave, and is ready to inflict upon us all the barbarity that he is meting out to his poor victim. I marvel that any Northern man can be so infatuated as to pretend to be a thorough opponent of slavery, and, at the same time, a fast friend to the existing Union.

Now, "the fault is not in our stars that we are wandering." It is not that the mighty, populous, intelligent, enterprising, indomitable North is dependent for its very existence upon a union with the South. On the contrary, the slavery-cursed South is utterly dependent upon the mighty North for its preservation to the present hour. The South is the great poor-house of our country, and we derive no benefit from it. It does not aid, but curses us in business. We get absolutely nothing from the South. The slave system does not maintain itself; it is a paralysis over the whole body politic, and we gain nothing by continuing with it.

And in regard to the religion of the South, it requires, if we would be in religious fellowship with the South, that we should believe slavery to be of God, and that the Bible sanctions it. We do not take the initiatory step; they do it by imposing conditions upon us, so that it is impossible for us to be moral, humane and good men, and walk with them.

It may be asked, how can we separate? Cannot the people do what the people choose? Is there any difficulty in their doing what they make up their minds to do? Let the spirit of liberty run through the length and breadth of the North, declaring that the time has come for independence, and how long will it take to have independence established?

Now, I desire to say that I do not wish for dissolution could it be avoided—were the necessities of the case not as they are. I want to see the American people what I think God designed them to be, one people from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but then if we cannot remain one without becoming all of us involved in the guilt of such a system as that of slavery, God shows us that the hour has come for us to separate from that system and for those who uphold it. We say, therefore, to the South, that they must abolish their slave system, or the requiring of us to be a body-guard as the condition of Union, before we can walk with them.

Now, fellow-citizens, are you prepared to say that you will purchase your alliance with the South by the blood of the slave? What right have you to offer up three and a half millions of people on the altar of slavery, that your worldly interests may be cared for—as if they could be cared for by such an act—as if you could have a common country by doing such a deed? No, we must first stand by the right; and if we suffer for it, let us suffer joyfully. We must not do evil that good may come. How can we live separate as the old tory doctrine in '74. They said the colonies never could maintain their independence. So some, in the same traitorous and cowardly spirit, say it is impossible for the North to stand after a separation from the South.

And tell me, you who are not now prepared to advocate such a measure, whether you have made it possible, in any contingency, to consider the dissolution of the Union expedient. And, if not, you have given your country over to the will of the Slave Power, and that power will go on gaining new territory, engaging in new wars and perpetrating all imaginable iniquity, as it has always done. Cuba, St. Domingo, all Mexico and Central America will be annexed, and slavery carried and maintained in all those countries. The slaveholders can do as they will, and you are so infatuated as to continually assure them that you hold the preservation of this Union paramount to all other considerations. The slaveholders know just where to find you, and will attempt new schemes of diabolism; and when the deed is about to be done, you will remonstrate, perhaps threaten, but, they will say, if you are refractory, they will dissolve the Union, and thus they will carry their point.

I saw the American Union the other day in the streets of Boston, in the person of Anthony Burns, carried off by the troops of the country into the hell of slavery. I thank God I saw *disunion* in him too. It was just the spectacle we needed, to show us in Massachusetts where we stood under the Government and Union. It kindled a fire in the bosoms of Northern people that will melt every chain, and consume the slavery-ridden Constitution of this country. It is idle to talk of our having an anti-slavery Constitution; the Constitution is not anti-slavery, and was never designed to be so. The people of this country have never been in a condition to make an anti-slavery Constitution for a hundred years past. They have hated and outlawed the coloured population, bond and free, and to say that 75 years ago they took them to their embrace as fellow-citizens and common countrymen is a falsehood; it was a moral impossibility. And even if we have got an anti-slavery Constitution in words, it is powerless to give us any protection. Our fathers, when they declared their independence, did not complain of Magna Charter, and say we have our rights by the British Constitution. No, they said, "here is despotism, and the British Constitution and Magna Charter are powerless for our protection." Our conflict is not in regard to the meaning of terms. We are dealing with a terrible power, which has exalted itself above all that is called God, and regards not man. How can we vote under such a Constitution consistently, for by so doing we support the Union? It is acting upon the principle that we may do a little wickedness to achieve a great good; or, as President Taylor, of New Haven, said, of "choosing the least of two devils." This is bad morality.

But it may be asked, how can we change our Constitution without voting? I know we cannot do it; but, then, apply the same reasoning, brother Free Soiler, to your friend in the Whig party who professes to be as good a Free Soiler as you. You tell him that as long as he continues with the Whig party, he is pro-slavery. He acknowledges the fact, but says he is going to stay in it and revolutionize it. I will respect any Whig, Democrat or Free Soiler who is acting up to his convictions; at the same time, I believe him to be mistaken or deluded, and is not standing in the position where he can do the most good to the country. If any one can convince me that I am wrong in this, and that he is right, I am ready to join his standard.

The theme, my friends, is a vast one, and yet it can be embraced in a nutshell. We claim to be freemen, and thank God that there is no slavery among us in the free States. In the South, there are slaveholders who have made the most horrible claims on the subject of slavery, declaring that they will outlaw every man who is opposed to them. Your interests are antagonistic; there is no union between you. Declare this fact, and then let us see what would become of the slave system; let us see whether the South will talk about annexing all creation to this country for slaveholding purposes. Oh, by our desire to save Cuba, and Hayti, and Mexico, and Central America, and the Islands of the ocean—to prevent millions of unborn victims of slavery coming into this breathing world, to be driven under the lash—by our reverence for God and for right, and our respect for all that is precious and lovely, let us place on our banner the motto, "No Union with slaveholders, religious or political."

Dr. Moyer, of Norristown, said that he had weighed well the arguments on both sides of this question, and was a decided advocate for voting. Nevertheless, he was in favour of adhering to the principle of universal liberty, even at the hazard of the Union. In fact, he did not care much about the Union; if it must be sacrificed to the Moloch of Slavery, let it go. He would vote under the Constitution because he could not vote *over* it—because he conceived it necessary as an anti-slavery means. He did not conceive that by this he sanctioned all the provisions of the Constiution. He derived his right of voting from nature or from nature's God. He voted because he had a right, as a man, to give his consent to or protest against those measures which affected his welfare. He would vote if there were no Constitution—though it were destroyed; he would vote for such measures and such men as would promote liberty. He was bound by no compact made by his ancestors three-quarters of a century ago, or at any time. He simply acquiesced in what was against his convictions of right because he had no other course to pursue for the present. No compact was binding upon him until submitted to and approved by him individually. Now, if the free States, which had always had the control of the National Legislature, had always determinedly adhered to freedom, always sent to Congress men who would resist the Slave Power, we should not now have fifteen States cursed with slavery, but only five or six at the furthest, and slavery would have been strangled to death. All extension of slavery could have been prevented if the North had taken a proper stand and rallied around the standard of freedom. And it may not be too late now to stop the encroachments of slavery and strangle it to death. But if the South are determined, in such an event, to go out of the Union, he would open the door for them and let them go. It was enough, he thought, for the North to put a stop to the encroachments of the South, and he was happy to see the North now giving the schemes of the South a mortal blow in the recent elections. He thought there would be no annexation in a southern direction as long as the North occupied its present position; and when the South became fully aware that it was the settled policy of the North not to admit any more slave States, they would acquiesce in it as the North had heretofore acquiesced in the measures of the South.

Mr. Garrison thought that his friend had not met the difficulty. The people of this country disagreed with him in regard to the right of voting by nature. If voting were a right by nature, then this government was a lawless government and ought to be tumbled down, so that his friend, by that declaration had dealt a death blow to the existing government. And where did the gentleman get the right to leave out a part of the Constitution? The oath required is, to sustain it in all its parts, and no one is allowed to leave out this, that or the other part, as suits his taste or convenience. Now, if the gentleman votes, he votes to sustain every part of it. The man who is opposed to war under all circumstances whatsoever could not consistently vote to sustain the Constitution of the United States. It would not do for him to say, "I do not approve of that part which provides for war," and then vote for it. And of what use was the issue of no more slave States? The North would most certainly yield at last. When Texas was about to be annexed, the North blustered with wonderful uganimity, such as perhaps will never occur again: the North seemed to forget all party distinctions and to band together as one man, declaring that there was no constitutional power to annex a foreign republic; but after it was all done, they ratified it, acquiesced in it, and nothing more was said about it.

George Sunter said that there were two distinct opposing principles constantly operating in the world—the higher and the lower law. The process of voting was all pro-slavery, because it presupposed the necessity of some other than the higher law for the regulation of human affairs. What would be the consequence if every individual in this country should follow this inward, living inspiration and obey his highest convictions of right? What would there be left for Congress, the President, the Army and Navy or any of the officers of the Government to do? or what need of any machinery of political organization?

Williams Thorn argued that inasmuch as there could not very well be a government or constitution better than the people who make it, the necessary inference was that we must have a government of about the average of goodness of the people who make it, or none at all. But as some political regulation or organization was absolutely necessary, there was left no alternative but to work under the government or to give up all practical reform. There always must be some who are in advance of the mass, endeavouring to bring them up to a higher stand. The Constitution, in his opinion, contained no clause expressly sanctioning slavery; and he claimed the right of private interpretation in regard to that as in regard to the Bible. There were passages of the Bible which appeared to sanction slavery, but we must take it as a whole; and Mr. Garrison would hardly be willing to dissolve his connection with the Bible because some few indi iduals interpret it in favour of slavery. And so in regard to the Constitution; though there are those that pretend to find slavery expressly sanctioned in it, he (Mr. T.) must still regard it as an anti-slavery instrument. He thought Mr. Garrison was inconsistent in rejecting the Constitution because of its pro-slavery interpretation by others.

Mr. Garrison protested against the doctrine that he must place his conscience and person in the keeping of a majority of the people of this or any other country, or be governed by the average of public sentiment, as if the laws of God were not imperative wherever the majority might stand. And what analogy was there between the Bible and the Constitution?—the one written we know not when or by whom, made up of ancient manuscripts, for us to examine and criticise in the spirit of freemen; and the other a compact, well understood, for the government of the people of this country, and each one required specifically to swear to it.

Miss Lucy Stone—I cannot for the life of me understand the love of the Union which the voters of this country everywhere profess. If I were in a position where I could exercise the right of franchise, I am sure I could be no lover of this Union. Why does any man north of Mason and Dixon's line wish to cling to a Union that only brings him disgrace and shame? A Union in which, if a Northern man dares in a particular latitude to utter sentiments of freedom, endangers his life! A Union in which, if he finds a fellow-man south of a certain line with the yearnings of liberty in his breast, and helps to rescue him from the clutches of the worst of tyrants, he is not only branded as a traitor, but risks his own liberty and life. And yet professed liberty-loving politicians cry out, let us cling to the Union. If we will smother all our holiest expectations, stay quietly in our places and submit to slaveholding dictation, we may be in fellowship with this fraternity, and call it a Union. I do not know of any such Union. It is like the legal bondage of man and wife, who hate each other and tear each other's eyes out. Southern members of Congress, with the flag of the Government waving over their heads, taunt Northern men with being their pliant tools. What is such a Union as that? An Abolitionist is

of being employed by another. Last Spring, when the New School Presbyterian Church was holding its session in Philadelphia, at the very time when the Nebraska measure was before Congress and was likely to pass, not a single remonstrance was heard from that body. While the eye of the nation was turned toward Congress in breathless suspense, those who claimed to be the light of the world and the guardians of the morals and welfare of the people were met together to discuss gravely whether a baby baptised by a Catholic priest had received Christian baptism. Babies were being born, all over the South, at the rate of a hundred thousand every year, to be consigned to slavery, and the slave power in Congress was just ready to spread slavery over an immense tract of territory, give it more room, and thus render it more ineradicable and perpetual, and yet it never entered the minds of this body of heaven-ordained men—or if it did, they put it away—that generations of immortal souls were to be born, even in their very midst, from whom the light of their much glorified Gospel was to be excluded—who were not to be allowed to read that word of which they professed to be the God-appointed messengers. Have we anything to hope from a body like that?

Nor have we anything to hope from the politicians of this country. The same Congress that sent a vessel to welcome Kossuth passed the Fugitive Slave law. The most liberal political anti-slavery party agrees to submit, if it is outvoted, to the party that gets the majority.

I propose to speak to-night upon the question, what can be done to root out slavery? One reason why it grows like weeds on a dunghill is, that we have on the part of the great mass of the people no noble aims, grand purposes, but selfish and self-seeking ends. The human mind is everywhere occupied in seeking after that which perishes with the using. Most of our young men and young women think only of trifles. Few of them seem to live with a view of making themselves so useful that the world will not know well how to do without them. The young Miss in her teens is consulting fashion and pleasure. She can talk proudly, perhaps, of her maternal ancestors, who braved all the perils of the ocean to establish the principle of "freedom to worship God"; she feels her heart expand, perchance, at the sacrifices they made; but does she dream of making any such sacrifices herself? And yet we are living at an hour when sacrifices are demanded, as much greater than theirs as the right to think what you please is less than the right to think at all. Young woman, in the spring-time of your being, do not make it all an offering on such an unworthy altar. God never sent you here to fill up your days in frivolity and folly, and in the pursuit of that which perishes with the using. O, woman, nerve yourself to the grandeur of this hour, and see to it that if our country is to go to ruin, you shall have put forth all your strength to prevent an end so sad. We owe it to ourselves and to the world to give the lie to the saying, that we are only fit for dolls or drudges.

And our young men are just like our young women. To chew tobacco, to smoke cigars, and perhaps to swear, are thought by many of our young men of sixteen to be manly accomplishments. They live with no noble objects or aspirations. They can admire the grandeur of character of Franklin, of Adams, and of Washington, but they feel called upon to make no sacrifices for the good of humanity themselves. With an affected indifference they say, "let the niggers be slaves; it is none of our business."

Miss S. continued at some length to appeal to her hearers, young, middle-aged and old, and urge them to throw the weight of their influence on the side of humanity, to love truth and justice for its own sake, and be true to themselves without stopping to inquire what others thought of them. If each one would live up to all the glorious truths they knew, it would be not only the best thing they could do for the slave, but for themselves.

Mr. GARRISON—When a magnificent steamer or packet, with a multitude of passengers, a gallant crew, and freighted with a princely cargo, after traversing the great deep for many days, encountering blinding mists, bewildering fogs and frightful tempests, begins to draw near the end of her voyage, what is the cry that sends an electric thrill through the soul of every one on board. It is the cry of "land, ho!" So in the navigation of the great deep of public sentiment, for the last twenty years, we are at last enabled, after having encountered mist and fog and storm, to give the cheering announcement of "land, ho!" We are in sight of land, thank God; our destined haven is near. Yet a little while longer, a few more favouring gales, and we shall be safe in port. It takes at least one generation to consummate a grand and comprehensive reform. A little more than thirty years are allotted to a generation. It is twenty-five years since the broad issue was made with slavery in our country, on the principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation. A generation has nearly passed away, and it is evident that everywhere new feelings, new aspirations and new hopes are emanating and combining in order to make a determined and successful issue against the Slave Power. I do not propose this evening to indulge in declamation or attempt anything in the shape of rhetoric. I would rather make my speech substantially documentory. I desire to lay before you the heart of the South, to show you how we are regarded at the North, and what are the purposes of those who buy and sell their fellow-creatures, and thus prove to you that there is no alternative for us but to get down in the dust and acknowledge slavery to be our God, or make uncompromising war against it.

Mr. G., after some further observations, proceeded to quote, from the newspapers and statesmen of the South, extracts showing the plans, purposes and sentiments of the South. The *Richmond Examiner* called upon the South "with the assistance of heroic, patriotic and fearless men of the North, to crush out anti-slavery fanaticism." The *Richmond Whig* said of those who were denouncing Douglas, that they were "a herd of poltroons; one brave man could drive them to the end of the earth with a lady's riding whip." The *Washington Union* predicted that all the bluster of the North about the passage of the Nebraska bill would die away as it had done on former occasions. Mr. Tombs, of Ga., in a speech in the Senate, reminded Mr. Seward of the storm which he (Mr. S.) had predicted, in 1850, would follow the passage of the Fugitive Slave law. The Senator, said he, went home, a few rescues were got up and then all was quiet. His thunder was not real, but sheet-iron and phosphorus. Another Senator (Mr. Hale) undertook to tell the fate of those who voted for those measures; the result was, he was no longer allowed to be in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Stevens, of Ga., said the South had got used to the clamour and threats of the North. The North never performed, but always caved in, and would again. Northern men would hiss; so do adders. The South had them in their power. The North tried to drive the South in 1850, and refused to run the line 36, 30 to the Pacific; now they would lose the whole. They need not resist, for they would only be lashed into obedience. The opponents of the Nebraska bill were howling devils, who would be sent to hell. The *Washington Sentinel* called the clergymen who signed the Nebraska remonstrance "friar Tucks," who would only "disgust the good taste of the people" and "effect nothing more than to sell themselves." Another southern journal called them "screech owls."

We are obliged, for want of room, to omit a great part of this speech of Mr. G. In conclusion, he expressed the liveliest hope in the speedy success of the cause.

The Convention adjourned till to-morrow.

THIRD DAY.—CLOSING SESSION.

The Society met at 9 1-2 o'clock. The resolutions under consideration were read.

CHANDLER DARLINGTON said that notwithstanding all the able arguments he had listened to against the rightfulness of voting, they had failed to convince him. He felt it his duty to sustain government in whatever was right and to refuse to do so in what was wrong.

MARY GREW replied that the Society had never asserted a contrary principle, but, interpreting the Constitution as pro-slavery, they could not swear to support it.

Rev. MR. BARNES expressed his views in regard to government, and said that any government that conflicted with the great idea of right which God had revealed to man was wrong. No government was justified in separating the rights of persons of the same blood of which God had created all nations. No Legislature could make the Fugitive Slave law right. He wished to see a firebrand thrown into the political parties to break them up, and bring the Constitution where it ought to be. His heart was with the friends of the slave, and he prayed to God that they might accomplish the object presented in the resolutions.

GEORGE SUNTER insisted upon the necessity of personal responsibility, as opposed to organization, in the removal of human evils.

The question being taken on the resolutions under consideration, they were adopted. A few negative votes were given to resolution number 6.

The remainder of the resolutions were then taken up *seriatim*, discussed and adopted. We are compelled, for want of room, to omit much of the discussion. Resolution number 16 being under consideration—

Mr. MCKIM said he was unwilling to occupy the time of the meeting at this stage of its proceedings, but he could not withhold his second from the resolution acknowledging our indebtedness to the friends who were cooperating with us on the other side of the water. The assistance we received from that quarter was too important to be overlooked. It was not only, or mainly, by their pecuniary gifts, their contributions to the Bazaar, that the British Abolitionist helped us. Indeed, the "British gold," so much talked of and so much magnified by our enemies, was in its amount a very small affair. It was an important help to us, to be sure, but not so important as the aid they rendered us in other ways. It was their labours that kept the cause alive in Great Britain. They were few in number, but they were watchful and active. They furnished the British people with light on the subject of American slavery, and kept their hearts warm by their continual representations of its evils. By their Anti-Slavery Societies, and their private correspondence, and by means of their anti-slavery papers, with the help of ours, they kept up an agitation of the question, the good effect of which we were now feeling. They maintained an anti-slavery public sentiment which, in all its manifestations, whether in literature or in religion, or in Parliament, or through the newspaper press, was a continual help to us. The utterances of the *London Daily News*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and other Provincial papers, on this subject, were all the result, direct or indirect, of the labours of our British coadjutors, and we owe a debt to them which it is proper we should acknowledge. The noble band of men and women in Great Britain and Ireland, who were in cooperation with us, were rendering an amount of aid to the cause which it would be difficult to overvalue.

Remarks were made, pending the consideration of the resolutions, by the following persons, who had heretofore taken little or no part in the discussions: Thomas Hambleton, Robert Purvis, Eusebius Barnard and Edward M. Davis.

The Nominating Committee reported the following Officers of the Society for the ensuing year, who were duly elected:

President.—JAMES MOTT.

Vice-Presidents.—Edward M. Davis, Benjamin C. Bacon.

Corresponding Secretary.—J. Miller McKim.

Recording Secretary.—Clinton Gillingham.

Treasurer.—Sarah Pugh.

Additional Members.—Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, Cyrus M. Burleigh, Abby Kimber, Jacob Pierce, Margaret Jones, Howard W. Gilbert.

Mr. GARRISON submitted a few closing observations. He said that the success of their labours had been next to miraculous, in view of all the circumstances. They were as dust in the balance before this nation. Not many rich had been called to their side. As yet it was mainly the poor of this world who were sympathizing with those who were still poorer than themselves. And yet few as were their numbers and weak as were their resources, how true was it that one had chased a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight? Surely the arm of God had been visible throughout. He believed their reliance had been solely on that arm. They did not look up to God as to an abstract being, but found Him in the attributes of justice, humanity, love and universal brotherhood; and, taking these precious principles to their souls, they had God dwelling within them and they in Him. And so their testimonies had been blessed and the nation quickened, and the cry of humanity was now to the whole land, "sleep no more until the chain be broken and the oppressed shall go free." They had pledged themselves to renewed labours in this cause. It was a righteous movement, in which they who ran should not be weary, nor those who walked-grow faint. Probably the same congregation would never again assemble here. But no matter whether their life below be long or short, provided they used it well. Thank God for immortality—that what was called death was simply a transition. He did not know that any here present would with their natural eyes see slavery abolished, but he saw it, and so did they, with the spiritual vision. They might not with the natural ear hear the song of jubilee, but they could with the spiritual ear. Looking forward to the end of this conflict, he saw the bastile of slavery demolished, and heard the songs of the ransomed going up to God, like the sound of many waters. He saw peace restored to this distracted and guilty land, true liberty established and the smile of God resting upon this and all the nations of the earth, for it was the cause of the whole world that they were advocating.

"Onward, then, ye fearless band,
Heart to heart and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the Christian's stand,
Or the martyr's grave."

On motion, the Society adjourned, *sine die*.

PLEDGES MADE AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PA A. S. SOCIETY.

James Mott,	$75 00	Robert Purvis,	$20 00
Allen Chandler,	1 00	Lydia E. Cox,	1 00
Mary S. Evans,	3 00	R. Peirce,	2 00
William Shields,	2 00	Henry Grew,	20 00
James Laney,	1 00	Hannah Grey,	2 00
I. & D. Mendenhall,	20 00	Phebe Goodwin,	10 00
E. F. Pennypacker,	5 00	Moses Brinton,	2 00
John J. Howel,	2 00	Joseph Shortledge,	25
Wm. L. Rakestraw,	5 00	Hiram Corson,	10 00
S. Pennock,	5 00	William Speakman,	10 00
D. A. Pennock,	5 00	E. M. Rye,	10 00
C. Hambleton,	5 00	Joseph Hood,	5 00
R. Tomlinson,	3 00	Mary B. Thomas,	2 00
E. Hanway,	1 00	C. M. Scarlett,	3 00
Isaac Lee,	1 00	Levi Coates,	10 00
Jacob Paxson,	3 00	J. L. Paxson,	3 00
M. Booths,	5 00	B. C. Bacon,	2 00
Jacob Peirce,	10 00	Mary Grew,	5 00
Lydia White,	5 00	John Vickers,	5 00
Rebecca S. Potts,	10 00	Eliza Agnew,	3 00
J. & Ruth Dugdale,	5 00	Ann Snowden,	25
Lucretia Mott,	75 00	Jane Prentice,	1 00
E. S. Paxson,	2 50	Mahlon B. Linton,	5 00
John Agnew,	5 00	E. M. Davis,	30 00
E. H. Coates,	1 00	Simon Barnard,	5 00
Robert Lamborn,	5 00	C. Gillingham,	10 00
Isaac S. Flint,	10 00		
			$447 00

Donations.

C. Darlington,	$10 00	H. H. Thatcher,	$ 25
H. M. Darlington,	5 00	Hannah Grey,	50
Prudence Pierce,	1 00	P. Goodwill,	1 00
Esther Roberts,	1 00	S. Williams,	1 00
Allen Agnew,	5 00	L. Coates,	10 09
Simon Barnard,	5 00	Martin Brosius,	2 00
John Titlow,	2 00	Dr. B. Fussell,	1 00
J. Painter and Wife,	5 00	William Fussell,	2 00
J. Sharpless,	1 00	S. Long,	50
T. Hambleton,	5 00	Cash,	50
P. G. Wickersham,	5 00	W. H. Walker,	1 00
E. P. Wickersham,		J. Huey,	1 00
William Morris,	1 50	J. R. Mendenhall,	1 00
J. Whitson,	1 00	S. M. Barnard,	1 00
F. Harmer,	1 00	Cash,	55
E. Mendenhall,	2 00	C. Snow,	1 00
Cash,	25	E. West,	1 00
J. W. Thorn,	2 00	E. Henderson,	1 00
J. Moore,	10 00	Ann Speakman,	12
C. Hood,	1 00	M. M. Corson,	5 00
Mr. Paxson,	1 00	J. R. Jones,	25
A. Mendenhall,	1 00	Cash,	15
Cash,	50	J. A. Pickman,	5 00
D. Bitler,	1 00	Eliza Agnew,	5 00
Mr. Davis.	1 00	C. M. Scarlet,	1 00
Cash,	25	M. Clendenon,	1 00
G. Corson,	5 00	M. Ann Cull,	50
L. Peart,	1 00	L. A. Moore,	25
Cash,	2 00	J. H. Brosius,	50
C. Jones,	1 00	P. Heald,	1 00
H. Speakman,	1 00	L. Gladman,	50
P. Gardner,	50	Cash,	1 50
Cash,	25	Cash,	50
M. Harry,	1 00	S. Evans,	2 00
S. Pancoast,	2 00	L. A. Vernon,	1 00
Mr. Tardell,	50	E. M. Booth,	50
J. Mayer,	1 00	E. M. Davis,	20 00
J. Roberts,	1 00	Hannah Edwards,	1 00
P. Wanger,	2 50	Olive Pyle,	1 00
J. Scarlet,	1 00	Stacy Hazleton,	1 00
J. Roberts,	5 00	John Jackson,	50
Cash,	1 00	Cash,	25
Peter Wilson,	2 00	Sarah Pusey,	1 00
S. C. Miller,	1 00	R. S. Bates,	1 00
A Friend,	2 00	Mary Dingee,	25
Isaac Meredith,	2 00	K. Wells,	25
George Palmer,	1 00	Cash,	25
A. Phippa,	1 06	Maria Agnew,	5 00
J. & H. Cox,	7 00	S. & E. Coates,	1 00
E. Dirby,	1 00	Thomas Garrett,	1 00
Cash,	1 00	James Williams,	1 00
M. Hepburn,	25	John Agnew,	1 00
Joshua Hoops,	1 00	S. D. Forbes,	25
M. Pyle,	2 00	William Fussell,	1 00
Cash,	1 00	Thomas Hambleton,	1 00
D. Reignhart,	1 00	Cash,	1 00
Cash,	25	Cash,	25
J. K. Styer,	1 00	A Friend,	1 00
P. Cloud,	2 00	Cash	1 00
Cash	87	J. & H. Cox,	1 00
J. P. McFarlen,	1 00	H. & M. John,	18
L. A. Gheen,	1 00	Mary D. Baker,	1 00
B. Price,	1 50	Cash,	1 50
J. W.,	1 00	Benjamin Price,	3 50
John Vickers,	1 00	J. White,	1 00
J. Hambleton,	1 00	Lewis Miller,	1 00
Cash,	50	Cash,	87
B. C. Bacon,	3 00	Mr. Davis,	3 00
M. Haines,	50	Mr. Freeman,	25
Cash,	5 00	S. Shadd,	25
P. Valentine,	25	D. Hood,	25
A. H. Peart,	3 50	Cash,	1 50
Cash,	50	J. Anderson,	25
E. Penrock,	50	H. M. Pennock,	5 00
Cash,	75	Cash,	25
Cash,	5 50	James Gawthrope,	2 00
A. Green,	1 00	M. Darlington,	1 00
E. W. Garret,	1 00	William Morris,	1 00
T. J. Fussell,	1 00	A. H. Peart,	1 00
M. Fussell,	1 00	John Bernard,	5 00
Cash,	2 00	Jesse James,	1 00
S. & E. Coates,	3 00	Seth Pancoast,	1 00
Gideon Miles,	2 00	George Baker,	1 00
C. Peirce,	10 00	William Rakestraw,	1 00
Cash,	1 00	James Hood,	1 00
Cash,	2 75	Louis Peart,	1 50
R. J. Thatcher,	50	M. A. Brinton,	1 00
Cash,	50	Cash,	50
P. Kirk,	50	L. M. Agnew,	1 00
M. B. Linton,	2 50	S. Lackey,	25
			$305 92

Recapitulation.

Pledges	$447 00
Donations	305 92
Receipts at Door	91 19
Total	$844 11

NOMINATION.—At a mass meeting, held at Union Prairie, Powashick Co., Iowa, not long since, John P. Hale was nominated for President, and Horace Greeley for Vice-President, of the United States.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1854.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANNIVERSARY.

We have devoted so much of our space this week to Mr. Burr's faithful report of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at its recent Anniversary, that we have no room for the remarks which the occasion so abundantly suggests. Commending the report to the careful attention of our readers, we can only say that the meeting was an excellent one from the beginning to the close; that the attendance was large, the speaking uniformly good and often eloquent; and that the resolutions adopted are high-toned and uncompromising, proving conclusively that the cause in Pennsylvania is, as it ever has been, upward and onward, and giving assurance that its friends in that quarter, whoever else may grow weary and faint-hearted, will endure to the end of the conflict.

We are happy in being able to say that the action of the Executive Committee, in pursuance of the vote adopted by the special meeting of the Society in June last, whereby the STANDARD was substituted for the *Freeman*, appeared to meet the full concurrence of all concerned, as a measure not only justified but rendered almost imperative by the course of events and the circumstances of the case. Our columns this week bear evidence of the strong desire we feel that our Pennsylvania readers may have as little occasion as possible to regret that the STANDARD has been made their organ. Believing it would be agreeable to them to have the report of their Anniversary complete in one number, we have set aside much interesting and valuable matter to make room therefor. Our readers elsewhere will, however, find the report worthy of their careful attention; and if they will do themselves the justice to read it, they will acknowledge that the space it fills could hardly be more usefully appropriated.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A KIDNAPPER.

THE Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* of Tuesday contains a long and circumstantial narrative of events which occurred in that city on the two previous days, in consequence of the appearance there of *Asa O. Butman*, of Boston, who made himself infamous by taking the lead in the kidnapping of Shadrach, Sims, and Burns. The scoundrel took lodgings at the American House, on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning, the Committee of Vigilance, apprehending from his conduct that he had come to Worcester in search of a fugitive, issued handbills warning the coloured people of their danger; whereupon the plans and purposes of the kidnapper became the chief topic of conversation through the city. The *Spy* goes on to relate that the proprietors of the American House refused to dismiss their guest; that a patrol was set, on Sunday night, to watch the house; that Butman exhibited a pistol and threatened death and destruction to his opponents; that he was arraigned on Monday morning upon a charge of wearing concealed weapons; that his trial was postponed, at his request, for a fortnight; and then proceeds as follows:

"The crowd had at this time been increasing. The court-room was thronged with people, and there was quite a collection outside.

"Mr. Butman implored assistance from City Marshal Baker, and that gentleman, out of pity for his forlorn condition, tendered him his private room as a place of refuge, in the northeast corner of the building. Considerable indignation was expressed by the crowd against Marshal Baker, and that officer came out upon the steps to expostulate against the disturbance, but apparently without effect. Shortly after, Mr. Baker stepped out of doors on some business, leaving several policemen on duty in the entry, but he had no sooner done so than his office door was opened by the foremost of a gang of six or seven coloured men, all of whom rushed in, and one of them dealt Butman a blow upon his knowledge box that felled him to the ground. Marshal Baker at this moment reëntered his room, and seized the assailant of Mr. Butman, and made him a prisoner.

"Butman and the coloured man were then locked up in the Marshal's Office, together, and one or two citizens were placed on guard, inside, while the Marshal again came out to allay the excitement, and look after the crowd. While busily engaged in the performance of his duty, as a preserver of the public peace, a shout was heard upon the outside, and it was soon discovered that the coloured assailant of Butman had escaped by the window, having jumped a distance of some ten or twelve feet, to the sidewalk. All these occurrences served to add to the excitement, and the multitude continued to increase, and the tumult also. In about an hour after the escape of the coloured man, George F. Hoar, Esq., came out of the Marshal's Office, and, standing upon the steps of the building, addressed the crowd. He said, as near as we can recollect—

"'Fellow-Citizens: It is some ten years ago that my father and sister were driven out of Charleston, South Carolina, by an infuriated mob of slaveholders, because, in obedience to a commission issued by the authority of the State of Massachusetts, he had gone thither to test, in the courts of the United States, the validity of those laws under which they imprison our citizens, for no crime but the colour of their skins: and none of you, I think, will accuse *me* of having any great *sympathy* for slaveholders. It is gratifying to see such a feeling of indignation manifested against an individual whose acts have rendered him so odious in your eyes; but yet I trust none of you have come here to do him any personal violence. Even in Charleston, low and degraded as the majority of its citizens are, some persons were found to sustain the majesty of the law; and to their interference, my father and sister owed the preservation of their lives. Let it not be said of us, citizens of Worcester, that we have less respect for law and order than was manifested by them. Let us remember that the cause we all have so much at heart cannot but suffer if we engage in acts of violence against this obnoxious and odious individual, who, whatever may have been his past course, assures me that he came here with no intention of molesting a slave. Believing that your sentiments upon this subject are in unison with mine, I have ventured to assure Mr. Butman, in your behalf, that he may depart from the city unmolested and in peace; and I have offered to accompany him to the depôt, so that he may leave by the earliest train.'

"Mr Hoar's remarks were warmly applauded by some, but others shook their heads, and there was talk of tar and feathers, and the coloured men growled their dissatisfaction in smothered words of indignation and hate.

"Shortly after the delivery of this brief harangue, Mr. Hoar reëntered the building, and immediately came out again with Mr. Butman upon his arm. The crowd upon the steps gave way, but the two had no sooner descended to the side-walk than a rush was made by a portion of the crowd for the kidnapper. Finding that there was need of a larger escort in order to protect the prisoner, Rev. Mr. Higginson introduced himself to the chop-fallen fugitive, and, with the remark that he would stand by him to protect him, he took his other arm in his own. Several blows were aimed at the head of Mr. Butman, which were warded off by his escort, and just at this juncture, finding that there would probably be some warm work, Messrs. Martin Stowell, Stephen S. Foster, and others, came to the rescue, and the retreat was continued, about six hundred people following pursuit.

"All along the route, repeated efforts were made by the coloured men, and others, to take Butman out of the hands of his escort, but they made a desperate defence, and, assisted by a few of the Worcester policemen and other citizens, they were enabled, by dint of great exertions, to keep the crowd partially at bay. Occasionally, however, an egg would break about the face and head of the fugitive, and just at the corner of Trumbull and Front streets, a powerful negro succeeded in planting a tremendous blow behind Butman's left ear, which made him stagger like a drunken man. There was a momentary halt at this juncture, and a desperate struggle ensued for the custody of the prisoner, which resulted in the triumph of the kidnapper's Abolition friends, and again the cortege passed on. The excitement was all this time increasing; and by the time the crowd had reached the depôt of the Western railroad, more than a thousand persons were assembled. It was then ascertained that the cars had gone, and here was an unexpected dilemma. Various propositions were made for the disposal of the kidnapper. Some said 'kill him,' and put him out of his misery, while others counselled a ride on a rail, or on a special engine out of the city."

The *Spy* goes on to say that Butman was stored in the depôt privy, and guarded. S. S. Foster then appeared and said that Butman had solemnly promised not to come to Worcester again, if he could be left alone now. He said that such a promise was a victory won for freedom, and he hoped no one would mar the triumph by any further acts of violence. Mr. Hoar and others corroborated this statement, and the crowd seemed partially to be appeased. Still, as some symptoms of violence remained, it was thought best to place Butman in a wagon and carry him off. When he was brought out of the privy, another rush was made by coloured people, and Butman received another severe blow in the head and a kick or two behind, but he was finally got into the wagon. The horse was skittish and would not start, so a hack was procured, and Butman took a seat with Mr. Higginson. Before the coach was out out of reach, a stone was hurled through the window. The *Spy* adds:

"All accounts agree in describing Butman, during these scenes, as the most complete impersonation of cowardice and fear they ever beheld. He freely admitted that he was indebted for his life to the Abolitionists of Worcester, and, as his own personal friends in the city deserted him at the first appearance of danger, there can be but little doubt that he owes his preservation to their heroic and disinterested exertions in his behalf."

The Boston *Courier* says that, after proceeding four miles, the fugitives procured a wagon and drove to the City Marshal's residence, eight miles from Worcester. Marshal Baker soon arrived and got a vehicle, in which he conveyed Butman to Boston, where he arrived at 3 o'clock Monday evening. "He is quite sure that he could recognise many of his assailants, but thinks that it would be fruitless to undertake to prosecute them in Worcester."

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

A SECOND meeting was held last week in Philadelphia in behalf of the Vigilance Committee. It was addressed, as was the first, by William Lloyd Garrison and William Wells Brown. Robert Purvis, Chairman of the Committee, presided, and also made a brief, though impressive, address. There was a charge for admission, with the view of raising funds for Vigilance Committee purposes. The proceedings of the evening were exceedingly interesting and gave great satisfaction, though we are sorry to learn that, after defraying the expenses of the meeting, there was but a small sum (not quite $25) left to meet its objects.

The underground railroad through Philadelphia has been doing such a smashing business of late that it is found difficult to keep up with the expenses. It is to be regretted that an enterprise so important as this should be allowed to flag, or rather that its friends should be put to inconvenience to prevent it from flagging, for want of the means needed to carry it on with energy. The Vigilance Committee, though only a branch of the anti-slavery reform, is, nevertheless, an important branch, and one that should not be neglected. The friends at Philadelphia who are engaged in this work could relate facts, of almost daily occurrence, that would excite the astonishment and admiration, as well as awaken the deepest and best sympathies of such as are not familiar with details of this kind; but they very prudently keep these things to themselves. We have heard enough of their doings, however, to know that they are brought acquainted with instances of daring and suffering, for the sake of securing the boon of liberty, that would seem almost incredible. If any one wishes to contribute directly to the relief of persecuted and hunted humanity, we would advise him to send what he can afford to give to the Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia. Charles Wise, N. E. corner of Fifth and Market street, is its Treasurer, and William Still, 31 N. Fifth street, is Acting Secretary. Donations sent to either of these gentlemen, or to J. M. McKim, at the Anti-Slavery Office, will be gratefully received and judiciously appropriated.

—The meeting above alluded to was held in Franklin Hall, on Wednesday evening. There was another held the next evening, at Israel Church, which was still more largely attended, and which was addressed by the same speakers. What was its specific object, if any it had, we have not learned, but the general effect of both meetings, we understand, was in a high degree helpful to the cause.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.

THE *Ledger* is a journal somewhat remarkable, in the daily press of this country, for the good sense of its editorials, and still more so for the purity and accuracy with which it uses the English language. But an editorial paragraph appeared in its columns, last week, which, in both these respects, displays a degree of stupidity quite unworthy of that paper. It is as follows:

"The Anti-Slavery Society held its annual meeting at West Chester, last week, and renewed the folly of repudiating the Fugitive Slave law, and declaring that they owed it neither respect nor obedience. As citizens of the United States, they owe it both, and what is more, they will have to pay what they owe. It is rather late in the day for a minority to say they will not respect the laws of the land. The majority have the power, and will make them do it. By discussion and argument they may change the majority and the law—but until they do so, it is worse than folly. it is falsehood, to say they will not submit."

The absurdity of the assertion that a majority will *make* a minority *respect* principles, or statutes, or constitutions, is so evident that it needs not to be shown. Equally absurd is the declaration that a majority can compel a conscientiously opposed minority to *obey* a statute. They can, of course, inflict on them the penalty of disobedience, to which they must submit; and here the *Ledger* shows gross inaccuracy in the use of language, by using the words "*submit*" and "*obey*," as if they were interchangeable terms; and then charges the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society with the absurd announcement that it will not submit to the Fugitive Slave law. Under any government, the peaceable subject or the citizen must submit to the governing power, whether it reside in a majority, or an aristocracy, or an absolute sovereign. But if he be a man true to his own conscience and to his God, he will never either respect or obey a statute which contraverts his sense of right. They who flippantly talk of *making* the Abolitionists send back the fugitive slave, as the infamous statute of 1850 requires, have greatly mistaken their men—ay, and their women, too. The Pope talked of making Luther obey Holy Mother Church; James the Second attempted to make the Protestants of his time respect her decrees; and the Church of England tried its hand in making Dissenters obey unjust laws. To the glorious fact that all these and many other such efforts were failures, the *Ledger* owes its power to speak, to-day, fearlessly and freely, whatever it will, on politics, religion or social customs. Does it suppose that the old heroic, martyr-spirit has died out of the world, or that there is no farther need of it? Does it think that, with all the experience of the past, to enlighten and sustain them, there are, in this age, no men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race strong enough in their love of Freedom and their reverence for truth to stand up, though alone, against the world, and refuse to take an oath of allegiance to popes, kings, or majorities, whose statutes require the surrender of their consciences? Does it really believe that the race of men have passed away who would dare to obey God's laws, and so disobey man's statutes, when the latter conflict with the former? If the gentlemen of the *Ledger* think thus, how very dark and dismal must be their views of life, and their hopes for the world! Truly, it would be for their edification and encouragement to attend an Anti-Slavery Convention.

NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.—On the 7th of November the States of New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin are to elect fifty-four Representatives to Congress. In New York and Michigan, State officers are to be chosen; in Illinois, State Treasurer and county officers, and Legislatures in all the States mentioned. The annual election in Massachusetts will take place on the 13th November, when eleven Representatives in Congress will be chosen, together with a Governor and State Legislature.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

Kansas Leagues in Cincinnati—Anti-Slavery Course of Lectures—Rev. Theodore Parker—The Salem Rescue and Memphis Indignation again—New Colonization Society—State and County Fairs—Ohio Elections, Weather, &c.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 28, 1854.

Two Nebraska and Kansas Leagues have been formed in this city, one composed of Germans, the other of Native American citizens. The latter sent out a committee of two, Rev. C. B. Boynton and Mr. T. B. Mason, a month or two since, to explore the country and report upon its features and capacities. These gentlemen returned a few days ago, and, at a public meeting held at his church, this week, for the purpose, Mr. Boynton made a full and highly interesting statement in regard to the climate, soil, productions, rivers, game and fertility of Kansas. Much information of importance to those contemplating immigration to that country was communicated, and the facts, on the whole, were highly encouraging. Mr. B. thinks this large territory will yet be consecrated to freedom, and is anxious to encourage emigrants from the free States, of all classes and imbued with free soil principles, to go there as fast as possible. Mr. Mason took the notes of an Indian war song he heard during his visit to Kansas and gave it on the organ, much to the gratification of the crowded audience.

Mr. B. thinks Kansas, both on account of the warmth of its climate and the richness of its soil, the best territory, and here, too, the main struggle will take place between freedom and slavery. If Kansas becomes a free State, Nebraska is still more sure to become so, as it is further north and has a colder climate. The Fall is not the best time for moving to such a new country, but every preparation should be made for as large an emigration as possible, of men of the right principles, early in the Spring.

A course of Anti-Slavery Lectures has been commenced here, to be continued weekly through the winter. The first in the course was delivered last week, by Theodore Parker, of Boston, and the second this week, by Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, to a large and highly intelligent audience. The scope of her remarks embraced the moral, political and social aspects of slavery, and she was listened to with marked attention. Her denunciations of slavery and appeals for the slave were filled with warmth, but weariness from travelling prevented her giving that enthusiasm to the subject she is capable of exhibiting. Last night she lectured to a large audience upon "Woman's Rights." Mr. Garrison is advertised to lecture next week.

Theodore Parker, while here, gave several lectures on other subjects, which were not attended by large, but by intelligent and appreciating, audiences. He has been heard here before, and there was not that charm of *novelty*, attached to Miss Brown's appearance, which is a great thing with lecture-goers in a large city. Among the lecturers engaged in the Anti-Slavery course are Cassius M. Clay and John P. Hale. So, you will see from the names, we *ought* to have a good course, and no doubt shall have lectures worthy of the cause.

The Memphis papers are still making a great ado about the Salem rescue. The resolutions of our steamboat men, it seems, have not pacified them, and they are still threatening our city with the withdrawal of their custom, unless our City Council or Chamber of Commerce take some action in the matter. This is not at all likely, as our manufacturers and merchants have become used to these threats ever since the mob times of 1836, and have yet to see them once carried out. The *Gazette*, the most influential mercantile paper here, has replied in very forcible terms to these menaces from the South, asserting that Mr. Blackwell committed no offence against the laws of Ohio, and even if he did, it is absurd to make the merchants of a city two hundred miles from the place of its occurrence responsible for his acts. The laws of trade will take their own course as heretofore, and we have only to furnish good articles, and sell them on accommodating terms, to keep the extensive trade we have so long had with the South and West. So long as we make it the *interest* of the South to trade with us, we shall have their custom, even if our citizens were nine-tenths of them Abolitionists.

A State Colonization Society was formed here during the late session of the Methodist Conference. It was not made auxiliary to the American Colonization Society, and, though Rev. Mr. Strickland, a member of Conference, was appointed its General Agent, that body, near the close of its session, passed resolutions disavowing forcible colonization, and approving the education and elevation of the coloured people here. This was owing to the coloured people here having, in a public meeting the same week, passed resolutions denouncing Colonization. The Rev. Mr. Mably, who applied for money to help him to Liberia, was not as cordially received as he expected, as he turned out to be an apologist for slavery. He said he had always had kind treatment from his master, and had nothing to say against slavery, as it was purely a political matter, with which the Church had no concern! He was closely questioned by some of the members as to his views, and confessed he would rather be a slave under a kind master than be a freeman and in the North among the Abolitionists! The Conference allowed a collection to be taken for him, but, after the above expression of his views, it was rather a slim one. The Conference passed resolutions condemning the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and censuring the holding of slaves except with the intention of emancipating them. These, it is true, are not up to the right mark, but anti-slavery sentiment is spreading in the Methodist Church, and recent events have encouraged it to become a little bolder.

It has been a great time this Fall for Agricultural Fairs in the West. During last month and this, we have heard of County and State Fairs in all directions, and they are evidently exciting more attention than formerly. This is owing, in a great measure, to the increased facilities for travelling afforded by Railroads. Our Ohio State Fair, held for the first time at Newark, some distance North of Columbus, has been very largely attended; and the National Cattle Show at Springfield is going on this week. This is said to

Miscellaneous Department.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE TIME-SERVER.

Room for the world's beloved, the man of time!
They swell his glorious train,
They twine a wreath to-day,
And weave the song and lay,
And deem his never-dying name
As the proud sun shall shine, through all the years sublime!

Room for the hero, who has bent his knee
Too lowly for his manhood's pride!
And, in a dark, *dark* hour,
Eager for fame and power,
God and His truth belied,
And bowed all slavishly to Wrong's dread tyranny.

Room for the traitor, on whose burning brow
Is set the mark of Cain.
Wo! for the toiling slaves,
Wo! for the martyrs' graves,
Wo! for the years of ceaseless pain
To which his perjured vow hath doomed earth's millions now!

Is this thy Triumph hour? There was a time
When fainting hearts looked up to thee,
And hung upon thy words,
Sweet as the songs of birds,
Yet ever strong and grand as the sea
Which wafts thy truths sublime to every race and clime.

O, 'twas a glorious day—the tyrant, on his throne,
Trembled to hear his doom,
And one more blessed ray
Dawned on God's poor that day,
As thro' the lowering gloom
A faint hope dimly shone that God had heard their moan.

Alas! he was but clay, and yet we mourn that he
Hath fallen on the way;
Yet gird us for the fight
Of holy Truth and Right
God is our hope and stay!
Press on—our Cause shall be crowned with His victory.

T. E. D.

FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS COMPANIONS.

[From the Montreal Herald of Saturday, October 21.]

We are indebted to Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Territory, for the privilege of first publishing to the civilized world the at length ascertained fate of the noble but ill-starred Sir John Franklin and his gallant company. Alas! that the fate should have been so sad; and that the problem, which has so long occupied the thoughts and engaged the energies of the great navigator's countless friends and admirers in Europe and America, should be solved by so painful, so distressing a narrative as is contained in the following letter, which only reached Sir John Simpson yesterday afternoon, it having been forwarded from York Factory via Red River. Our own hopes of Sir John Franklin's restoration to the world, had, we confess, long ceased; but who could have been prepared for the fearful reality?—a miserable and fearful death from literal starvation—probably as Dr. Rea conjectures, worse than starvation—on the frozen and desolate shores of the Arctic Ocean. But we shall not detain the reader by any reflection of ours from the perusal of Dr. Rea's intensely interesting narrative—we shall merely mention that York Factory is situated at the mouth of Hayes River, in Hudson's Bay, in about 56 deg. N. L., 93 deg. W. L.

DR. RAE'S LETTER TO SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.

York Factory, August 4, 1854.

My Dear Sir George: Your several letters, public and private, of dates 15th June and 1st December, 1853, and 13th and 16th of June, 1854, were handed me on the 28th ultimo, on my reaching Churchill, and I rejoiced to learn that your health had benefited so much by your visit to the north.

Let me now allude to the expedition affairs. I arrived here on the 31st ult., with my small party in excellent health, but I am sorry to say without having effected our object. At the same time, information has been obtained and articles purchased from the natives which places the fate of a portion, if not all, of the then survivors of Sir John Franklin's miserable party beyond a doubt—a fate most deplorable—death from starvation, after having had recourse to cannibalism as a means of prolonging life.

I reached my old quarters at Repulse Bay on the 15th August, and preparations were immediately commenced for wintering. On the 1st of September I explained to the men our position, the stock of provisions we had on hand (not more than three months' rations), and the prospects we had of getting more, &c., &c., pointing out all the danger and difficulty of our position. All readily volunteered to remain, and our exertions to collect food and fuel went on with unabated energy. By the end of September, 109 deer, 1 musk ox, 54 brace of Ptarmigan, and 1 seal had been shot, and the net produced 190 salmon.

Of the larger animals above enumerated, 49 deer and the mush ox were shot by myself, 21 deer by Mistegan (the deer-hunter), 14 by one of the men, 9 by Ouligbuck, and 16 by the other four men. The migration of the deer terminated about the middle of Oct., and 25 more animals were added to our stock.

On the 28th of October, the snow being sufficiently hard for building, we were happy to exchange our cold tents for the most comfortable shelter of the snowhouse. The winter was very severe, but the temperature in our snow huts was never so low as in my winter quarters of 1846–7. Up to the 12th January we had nets set under the ice in the lakes, the nets were taken up on that date, as they produced nothing.

On the 31st of March my spring journey commenced, but in consequence of gales of wind, deep and soft snow and foggy weather, we made but very little progress. We did not enter Pelly Bay until the 17th. At this place we met with Esquimaux, one of whom, on being asked if he ever saw white people, replied in the negative, but said that a large party (at least 40 persons), had perished from want of food some 10 or 12 days' journey to the westward. The substance of the information, obtained at various times and from various sources, was as follows:

In the spring four winters past (spring, 1850), a party of white men, amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them, by some Esquimaux, who were killing seal on the north shore of King William's Land, which is a large island named Kei-ik-tak by the Esquimaux. None of the party could speak the native language intelligently, but by signs the natives were made to understand that their ships or ship had been crushed by ice, and the "whites" were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer (chief), looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives.

At a later date the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the bodies of about thirty white persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long days' journey (say thirty-five or forty miles) to the northwest of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish river (named by the Esquimaux Oot-koo-hi-ca lik), as its description and that of the low shore in the neighbourhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island, agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine), some were in a tent or tents, others under a boat that had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulder, and his doubled-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

From the mutilated state of many of the corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our miserable countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism as a means of prolonging life.

There appears to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives, out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high water mark, having been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, telescopes, compasses, guns (several double-barrelled), &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of the different articles with the Esquimaux, and, together with some silver spoons and forks, purchased as many as I could obtain. A list of the most important of these I enclose, with a rough pen-and-ink sketch of the crests and initials on the forks and spoons. The articles themselves shall be handed over to the Secretary of the Hon. H. B. Co., on my arrival in London.

None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the dead were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and those who had seen the party when alive.

From the head of Pelly Bay—which is a bay, spite of Sir H. Beaufort's opinion to the contrary—I crossed sixty miles of land in a westerly direction, the west shore from Castor and Pollux river to Cape Porter of Sir James Ross, and I could have got within thirty or forty miles of Beloit Strait, but I thought it useless proceeding further, as I could not complete the whole.

Never in my former Arctic journeys had I met with such an accummulation of obstacles. Fogs, storms, rough ice and deep snows we had to fight against. On one occasion we were four and a half days without getting a view of the sun, or even to make out his position in the heavens. This, on a level coast, where the compass was of little or no use, was perplexing in the extreme.

The weather was much finer on our return journey than when outward bound, and our loads being lighter, our days' marches were nearly double the distance, and we arrived at Repulse Bay on the 26th May, without accident, except in one instance, in which one of the party lost a toe from a frost bite.

The commencement of spring was very fine, but June and July were colder. We were unable to get out of the bay until the 6th of Aug.

Our progress along the coast as far as Cape Fullerton was much impeded by ice; but on getting to the southward of the cape we had clear water, and saw no ice afterwards.

The conduct of the men, I am happy to say, was, generally speaking, good; and we had not a single case of sickness all the time of our absence.

Being anxious to send this to Red River by the first boats, I write in haste and briefly, but shall have the pleasure of sending a more detailed account by some future opportunity.

With the utmost respect,
I have the honour to be,
Your most ob'dt serv't.,
John Rae.

LIST ENCLOSED IN DR RAE'S LETTER.

Crests.

No. 1. Head of (apparently) a Walrus or Sea-horse, with dragon's wings.
No. 2. A Griffin, with wings and forked tongue and tail.
No. 3. A Griffin's head, with wings.
No. 4. A Dove, with an olive branch in its bill, surrounded by a scroll, with the motto *Spero meliora.*
No. 5. A Fish's Head, with (apparently) coral branches on either side.

List of Articles purchased from the Esquimaux, said to have been found to the West, or rather to N. W., of Black's River, at the place where the party of men starved to death in Spring, 1850:

1 silver table fork.....Crest No. 1
3 do. do. do.....“ “ 2
1 do. do. spoon.....“ “ 3
1 do. do. do., motto Spero Meliora...“ “ 4
1 do. do. fork, do.....“ “ 4
1 do. dessert do.....“ “ 5
1 do. table spoon.....“ “ 5
1 do. tea do.....“ “ 5
1 do. table fork, with initials “H. D. S. G.”
1 do. do. do. do. “A. McD.”
1 do. do. do. do. “G. A. M.”
1 do. do. do. do. “J. F.”
1 do. dessert spoons, “J. F. B.” or “J. S. B.”
1 small silver plate (engraved), “Sir John Franklin, K.C.B.”
A star with motto “Nec Aspera Terrent,” on one side, and on the reverse, “G. R. MDCCCXV.”

Also a number of other things of minor importance, as they have no particular marks by which they could be recognized, but which, along with the above named, shall be handed over to the Secretary of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company.

John Rae, C. F.

Repulse Bay, July, 1854.

A FIELD OF BATTLE.

[From the Correspondent of the London Times, October 11.]

Heights of Alma, Sept. 21, 1854.

It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle-field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot, I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so I was often brought to a stand-still by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians, mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2,196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3,000 Russians, while their western extremity was covered with the bodies of 1,000 gallant Frenchmen and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

When Lord Raglan and his staff and the Duke of Cambride rode round to the top of the hill the troops cheered them with a thrilling effect—a shout of victory which never can be forgotten. The enemy, who were flying in the distance, might almost have heard its echoes as it rolled among the hills. Our men had, indeed, done their work well, for the action, which commenced at 1 25 on our part, was over about 4 P. M. In fact, the actual close continuous fighting did not last two hours!

The Russian regiments engaged against us, judging from the numbers on the caps and buttons of the dead wounded, were the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 32d, 33d, and some of the Imperial Guard. The Russian regiment consists of four battalion, and each battalion may be said to be 650 strong. The soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments, 32d and 16th, for example, wore a black leathern helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cone on the top, with a hole for the reception of a tuft, feather or plume; others wore simply a white linen foraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted loosely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descend to the ancles, and seemed coarse in texture; the trousers of coarse blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made, and serviceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers.

On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coatee of the man, blue or green, with white facings, and slashes like our own, a pair of clean drawers, a clean shirt, a pair of stout mits, a case containing a good pair of scissors marked “Sapin,” an excellent penknife with one large blade, of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles and pins, a hair-brush and comb, a small looking-glass, razor, strop, and soap, shoe-brushes and blacking. The general remark of our men was that the Russians were very “clean soldiers”; and certainly the men on the field had white fair skins to justify the expression. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of a sour taste and disagreeable odour, in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of brown coarse stuff, broken up into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit or hard granulated bread prepared with oil.

This, we were told by the prisoners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil; the powder is “reserve” ration; and if they march they may be for days without food, and remain hungry till they can get fresh loves and more “breadstuff.” It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet—and yet they are strong, muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tenacity of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32d regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his hand, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hills towards the water!

Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seemed to have a general idea that they would be murdered: possibly, they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that “the wounded Russians” were firing on our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the act of administering succour as he lay in agony on the field; be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre, taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle-field.

One villain, with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th regiment, and before we could say a word he discharged his rifle right through the wretched creature's brains. Colonel Yea, rode at him to cut him down, but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army, flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly. Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains fastened round their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from the Kasan Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of wives or mistresses, of mothers or sisters, inside their coats.

The privates wore the little money they possessed in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men, in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men.

Of the Russians one thing was remarkable. The prisoners are generally coarse, sullen and unintelligent-looking men. Death had ennobled those who fell, for the expression of their faces was altogether different. The wounded might have envied those who seemed to have passed away so peacefully.

The soldiers are all shaven cleanly on the chin and cheek; only the moustache is left, and the hair is chopped as close to the head as possible. The latter is a very convenient mode of wearing the hair in these parts of the world. The officers (those of superior rank excepted) are barely distinguishable from the men, so far as uniform is concerned, but the generals wore sashes and gold epaulettes. The subalterns wore merely a lace shoulderstrap, instead of the cloth one of the privates. Most of them spoke French, and the entreaties of the wounded to be taken along with us, as the officers moved up the hill, were touching in the extreme. The poor fellows had a notion that our men would murder them if the eye of the officer was removed from them.

An old general, who sat smiling and bowing on a bank with his leg broken by a round shot seemed principally concerned for the loss of the gold snuff box. This, I believe, has since been restored to him. The men say they were badly handled, and had no general to direct them. Menchikoff lost his head in a figurative sense. The officers displayed great gallantry, and the men fought with a dogged courage characteristic of the Russian infantry, but they were utterly deficient in *elan* and dash. I am not quite sure the names I sent you per last list of the generals commanding was correct, but I believe it to be so now. Our losses is 2,196 killed and wounded; of the French, between 1,300 and 1,400. The enemy have lost upwards of 6,000. Had we had but a little brigade of cavalry more, we might have converted the retreat into an utter rout, and taken some 5,000 prisoners, guns and standards as trophies of our victory. The troops bivouacked on the field, not far from the scene of their triumphs.

A LADY TRAVELLER.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

It is not generally known by our citizens that during the last month we have had sojourning in our midst a celebrity of no small note, in the person of a lady who has struck out a course as a traveller certainly original, so far as her sex is concerned, and we are not sure that any person of either sex has adhered to that course with the same pertinacity, through nearly fourteen years, and found in the varied incidents of a traveller's life, so much to incite a continuance of the same course, and with an enthusiasm as great as at the commencement, as she. The lady to whom we refer is Madame Ida Pfeiffer, a native of Vienna, Austria. Her adventures have formed the subject of many a newspaper article, besides two or three interesting books which she has written, and it is more than likely, should she meet with no worse fate than that which has befallen her in her past experience, that she will live to furnish much more extended views than she has yet done from her peculiar point of view.

On Saturday last, it was our good fortune to have an interview with Madame Pfeiffer, at the residence of Dr. Aigner, of the New York *Demokrat*, with whom she is at present sojourning as a guest. The interview was one of the most pleasing character, and the memory of it will be recalled in the future with many happy reflections. We found Madame Pfeiffer in conversation with Dr. Aigner and his lady. She is a lady apparently of about 45 years of age, though we were informed by her that she has already reached her 58th year. She is rather below the medium height, and possesses small frame, and one which we should hardly think sufficiently strong to successfully resist the fatigue and exposures of so many years' travel. Her eyes are of a dark chestnut colour, and are expressive of intelligence and mildness of character. Her features are regular and well moulded, and her face bears a sweet and lively expression, which is much heightened during conversation. Her hair, though thin, shows no signs of age. In her dress Madame Pfeiffer is extremely plain—we suppose from the necessity which exists in her travels, to make her wardrobe as simple and compact as possible. Her present tour is her fourth, and her third around the globe, and was commenced in May, 1851. She went from England to the Cape of Good Hope, and after remaining there a brief period, she penetrated into the country of the Hottentots, some two hundred miles into the interior. From the Cape she went to Singapore, and from thence to the Island of Borneo. During her stay there, Madame Pfeiffer resided for a month among a fierce tribe of natives called the *Dyaks*, and by the English *Head Hunters*, who dwell on the river Lupar. She then went over the mountains and lakes to Sungau and Landek. At Landek she visited the extensive diamond mines. She visited most of the Dutch possessions on the Island. The point she next reached was the Island of Java, and was there entertained by the different Sultans. She remained for some time among the ruins of the ancient Hindoo temples on the Island. From Java, she next visited Sumatra. She went into the interior of the Island, and remained four weeks among a tribe of cannibals—one of the most savage of the East Indies—known as the *Battaker*. Having a limited knowledge of the Malay tongue, Madame Pfeiffer conversed with the savages without much difficulty, and their cannibalships took occasion to inform her nearly every day that they should have the pleasure soon of killing her, and of enjoying the luxury of eating her. She had her fears that they would do so, but she managed to suppress any signs of fear, and at the same time laughed off the matter, as if it had been said in jest, telling them that she was an old woman, and that her flesh was tough, and would be, therefore, unpleasant to eat. The savages showed Madame Pfeiffer the implements they used in the slaughter of their victims, and gave an elaborate explanation for her satisfaction of their whole processes in getting up their bills of fare. Madame Pfeiffer, while in Sumatra, ascended the volcano of Merap to its crater, 10,000 feet above the sea. She visited successively the Islands of Banda, and observed the cultivation of the nutmeg, and Ambou, where large quantities of cloves are raised and exported.

On the Island of Ternata, the next island she visited, Madame Pfeiffer was received with great honours by the Sultan, who spared no efforts to give her a reception *à la Europienne*. A carriage he had for her to use in her travels, but of horses or mules he had none. He did, however, "the next best thing," and placed some twenty men to the vehicle, and they furnished the locomotive power. Gas was an innovation which the Sultan of Ternata had not seen fit to make, and gas lamps at night were for that reason quite unknown; but the gallant Sultan, anxious to do the civilized thing, when Madame Pfeiffer moved through the city at night in the carriage propelled by 20 man power, had his people stationed at regular intervals on each side of the street with lighted flambeaus. Madame Pfeiffer witnessed the dances given before the Court of the Sultan. From Ternata she went to Menato, one of the Celebes Islands. She remained there nearly a month, and travelled into the interior, and had an abundant opportunity to admire its beautiful vegetation. Her next stopping-place was the Island of Macassar. She visited here not only the Dutch Possessions, but also those of the native Princes. She visited successively all of the different Kings of the Celebes, and travelled over the greater part of their dominions.

From the Celebes Madame Pfeiffer returned to Java and embarked soon after from Batavia to San Francisco, California, where she arrived in September, 1853. She visited, successively, Sacramento, Marysville, the Wet Diggings, the Quartz Mining Districts, the village called Crescent City, near Oregon, and subsequently the tribe of Indians located on the Rock Rive, in Oregon Territory. She passed several days with the Indians, in their huts, partaking of their rude fare, consisting of fish without salt, acorns, and roots, uncooked and even unwashed, a style of serving rather offensive to civilization, but which Madame Pfeiffer managed to subsist very well upon, though she would have preferred a moderate application of water to the food prior to eating. She next visited the Quicksilver Mines, near San Jose, Acapulco, her next stopping place from whence she proceeded to Lima, Peru. Whilst in Peru, she visited the mines of the Temple of the Sun, a relic of the reign of the Incas, at Cacamacha. From Lima Madame Pfeiffer went to Guayaquil, and from there travelled in the Winter time, accompanied only by a guide, over Chimborazo, to Quito. During the rainy season travel is very unusual, and the different points where rest and refreshments are generally secured are deserted. The journey was one of great difficulty and suffering on account of the rivers being swollen, and on several times she was in danger of losing her life. Once she fell overboard from a canoe into the river Guaya and was saved solely by her own efforts. After visiting Quito she returned to Guayaquil and went from thence to Panama. She crossed the Isthmus to Aspinwall, and from thence went by steamer to New Orleans. She passed through Arkansas to the frontiers—returned to the Mississippi and took a steamer to St. Louis, and the neighbouring places, and then left for the Falls of St. Anthony, which place, together with the surrounding villages and cities she visited. She stopped at Galena, Chicago, Milwaukie, Sault St. Marie, and Fond du Lac on Lake Superior. She continued her journey to Quebec and Montreal, and from thence came to this City some days since.

With America and Americans Madame Pfeiffer is very generally pleased, and our institutions she holds in high favour. She is to remain in New York for some days, after her return from Philadelphia, for which place she leaves to-morrow.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE ANTHROPOID APE.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual sittings at Liverpool on the 27th of September. On the first evening the celebrated Professor Owen contributed a discourse on the Anthropoid Apes and their relations to the human species. It drew, says the Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, a very large auditory; at the end, on motion of Professor Sedgwick and Archbishop Whately, a vote of thanks to the lecturer was carried by acclamation. He demolished the theory that man is but an improved edition of the ape.

"Anthropomorphous Apes."

Scene—*An Apartment, furnished for Smoking.* Acute *and* Obtuse Swells.

Obtuse Swell. What a baw! (*Throwing aside newspaper.*)

Acute Swell. What's the matter?

Obt. Sw. Paypan full of Bwitish 'Sociation. P'fessaw Owen on Anthwopomawfus Apes. What's an Anthwopomawfus Ape?

Ac. Sw. An ape that's like a man.

Obt. Sw. Ape like a man. Why, evwy ape's like man! The man's an ass.

Ac. Sw. No! not exactly an ass. Some apes more particularly resemble men—Chimpanzee—Orang-outang.

Obt. Sw. Aw!—yes. Wangagang—disgusting beast!

Ac. Sw. But I suspect be did not mean them.

Obt. Sw. Fellow with blue nose, pawhaps?

Ac. Sw. No; not with the blue nose. With the aquiline nose, rather, and moustache beneath it.

Obt. Sw. Eh?

Ac. Sw. Whiskers also, and exquisitly arranged; collar likewise, and tie, both faultless; and everything, downwards, irreproachable, to boots—inclusive.

Obt. Sw. A nova saw an ape got up like that. A've seen an ape in a wed jacket.

Ac. Sw. Ah!—in his regimentals; very likely one variety of the ape that Owen describes. This kind of ape is a splendid fellow—plays all manner of tricks. Smokes cigars.

Obt. Sw. 'Strawny queechaw!

Ac. Sw. Drinks claret—champagne.

Obt. Sw. Beeaw?

Ac. Sw. Oh yes!—beer; and eats the best dinner that you could get at the best club, or anywhere.

Obt. Sw. What an expensive monkey! Shouldn't like to be his kepaw.

Ac. Sw. Or governor?

Obt. Sw. Decide'ly not.

Ac. Sw. Well, then, this ape will gamble.

Obt. Sw. All monkeys a' fond o' fwolics.

Ac. Sw. Oh!—but I mean *lansquenet* and that style of fun.

Obt. Sw. Weally! It's astonishing what some bwutes may be bwought to do.

Ac. Sw. Then he'll get behind the scenes of a theatre.

Obt. Sw. Ah!—when he has to perfawm.

Ac. Sw. No; for his own amusement—if the manager is fool enough to let him in. And then, sir, this ape diverts himself by running about after the *coryphees.*

Obt. Sw. Like a dog?

Ac. Sw. Yes; like any puppy. But on two legs, you know.

Obt. Sw. Oh! of cawse. Bai Jove, the Anthwopomawfus Ape seems to enjoy himself.

Ac. Sw. He does nothing else; he laughs at the idea of doing anything else.

Obt. Sw. Laughs? Oh!—come, now! A've hawd of laughing hyæna; but neva of laughing ape.

Ac. Sw. He chatters.

Ob. Sw. Ah! theyaw I b'liev yaw. Apes do chattaw.

Ac. Sw. He chatters of nothing else but his luxuries and his pastimes; his games, his sports, his amours, his dogs and horses.

Obt. Sw. Ah, now I see y' a' joking. The Anthwopomawfus Ape is something maw than Mawphus—which means sleepy, doesn't it? (*yawns.*) In short, the ape you mean is a human queechaw.

Ac. Sw. The ape that Owen means; not I. Between you and me, my boy, I've little doubt that the beings he does mean are our noble selves.

Obt. Sw. You don't mean t' say you think he means me?

Ac. Sw. I'm afraid it's the fact.

Obt. Sw. Call me an Anthwopomawfus Ape! Confound the fellow! Shouldn't I like to catch him!

Ac. Sw. You will be very likely to find him at the College of Surgeons, studying the gigantic bone of some extinct monster.

Obt. Sw. I'll go and extinguish P'fess' Owen himself. Wha'bouts's the College a' Sawgeons? I'll go to the College a' Sawgeons and beat P'fess' Owen into sevawal pieces with his gweat bone!

—*London Punch, Oct. 7.* [*Scene closes.*

PUNCH'S CRITICISM OF CAREY'S NO-COPYRIGHT SYSTEM.

IN AMERICA HAS AN ENGLISHMAN PROPERTY IN HIS OWN NOSE?

Most certainly not. There can be no doubt that, analogically reasoned upon, the principles laid down by Citizen Carey, the great transatlantic political economist, an Englishman's nose in the States is in no manner a man's property. In a word, a British nose in America is outside of all ownership.

Citizen Carey is a man doubtless held in the most deserving honour by his fellow-citizens. This fact of course implies that he is smart as gifted. He has plainly a great genius for annexation. Tha magpie might be Citizen Carey's crest, even as the secretive genius of the bird seems to guide his quill. Weak, conscientious citizens have been moved by doubts of the honesty and fair-dealing shown to British authors by American booksellers, who, without the outlay of a dollar, have annexed the authors' works. Take good heart, ye timid ones, and rob at peace; authors have no rights; Citizen Carey has proved the hollowness, the emptiness of the authors' pretension, playing upon it like any drum. In fact the author has no claim to his book, because he never had any property in it; he has merely worked up common stock. Take the parallel case of a silk-worm. The worm, to be sure, produces silk; but by what means? The worm must first consume the green leaf. "Patience," says the eastern apothegm, "and the mulberry leaf becometh satin." Now, what is your author but a mere worm, who feeds his brain upon the common things around him—human hearts and human doings, and such matters, in which there is no property whatever—and being fed his fill, sets himself to work and spins out his book? If a man could write a book in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, he might have some small claim to a portion of the work; but writing with the view and enjoyment of all the world about him, he takes from everything, and so taking acquires no property. For instance, when Tasso—for want of the midnight taper—wrote his verses by the light of his cat's eyes, we should like to know—and perhaps Citizen Carey will some day, benevolently resolve the question—how much of the verse was due to the cat, and how much to Tasso's own muse?

"The man who makes a book," writes Citizen Carey, "uses the common property of mankind, and all he furnishes is the workmanship. Society permits him to use its property, but it is on condition that after a certain time the whole shall become a part of the common stock." What is the Iliad but a certain apposition of all the letters of the alphabet? and Greek cowherds had as much right to the alphabet as Homer, even after Homer's use of it. The thing is plain as A B C.

Sir Walter Scott had no property in his novels, because he had only filled his mind with facts preserved. He had eaten mulberry leaves, and it was his business to produce silk! "So again with Mr. Dickens. Read his Bleak House, and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has merely been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms; but that is all he has done." *Dixit* Carey! The Court of Chancery overrules the printed Chancery suit. The book is not allowed by the Great Seal. A man may have divinest brains in his head, but if they deal with legal horsehair, the wig is the original claimant of all accruing rights.

A stockbroker, guilelessly labouring on Change, does not meekly make a huge fortune by the intelligence and capacities of men, and the common pulsation of the electric wires; therefore, when Barabbas lays out his half million or so on the fattest slice of a county, that slice remains to him and his heirs for ever; never, never becoming "a part of the common stock."

But it is logically otherwise with authors. There was a common stock of jealousy in the world before the birth of Shealspeare. What copyright, then, has he in Othello? Men and women died for love from the beginning. What property then, in Romeo and Juliet?

Can Milton have any copyright in Sin and Death?

The Covenanters were known before the Scotch novels. And even before the days of Fagan were there not American booksellers?

Mr. Carey has convinced us; but he strengthens his argument against the British author by the fact that he is held and treated as a ragamuffin and a pauper by his own beloved England. Thus, if England permits the author to go naked, for such nude reason America may take his skin. If England strips, surely America may flay?

The weight of Mr. Carey's name will, doubtless, for a time keep down all agitation of international copyright. At the same time that a British subject has no property in his own book, neither has he any property soever in his nose. For how has his nose been nurtured and renewed? It is proved that by gradual waste and gradual renewal a man gets an entirely new nose every seven years. And how does he get it? Why from the common stock of elementary matter lying around him. His nose is not his private nose, but a nose gradually built up by the common influences incessantly at work. And, reflecting on the masterly logic of Citizen Carey, we are finally comforted with this conviction, that an American bookseller has every right to take to himself an English author's book—with this supplementary privilege: a further moral and physical right, should the author complain of the theft, there and then, and without the least mercy or remorse, to pull the author's nose.

HABITS OF LITERARY MEN.

The following is an extract from a letter from J. S. Buckingham, published in the London *Weekly Chronicle:*

Professor Porson, one of the greatest Greek scholars in the world, was a confirmed drunkard; Rev. Mr. Maurice, assistant librarian of the British Museum, and a man of extensive and varied learning, was frequently insensible from inebriation; Sheridan, one of the most eloquent of orators, was frequently drunk; Shiel, who came nearest to him, perhaps, in the modern House of Commons, drank deeply; and Campbell, the poet, for whom a statue has been erected, to be placed in Westminster Abbey among the worthies of England, was in his later years rarely sober.

In the volume of *The Lives of the Illustrious*, to which I have already referred, there are these remarkable proofs of other highly educated and literary men being hard drinkers. At page 3, is the following passage from the life of Sir Walter Scott: "His erudite researches into ancient Scottish lore gained him, at the Literary Society, the appellation of *Duns Scotus;* while at the 'Club' the more convivial, as it was the less scientific, of the two gatherings, he obtained the *soubriquet* of Col. Grogg. Apropos of the convivial character of these assemblies, Sir Walter lived to repent of the *excesses* which were occasionally indulged in; and in a letter of warning to his son, then a young officer in Dublin, he traces back those severe stomach seizures, which at one time endangered his life, and extorted from him shrieks of agony, to the 'hard drinking' which had been 'the sin of his youth.' And many times would he say to those exposed to similar temptations. 'Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.'"

Again, in the biography of Charles Lamb, included in the same volume, at page 30, is the following paragraph: "It must not be concealed that in his convivial moments he would often be betrayed into *excesses in the use of stimulating drinks*, which immediately after caused him the *acutest remorse.* He also struggled manfully against the besetment, even to the denial of the company of such men as Southey, Coleridge and Wadsworth, that he might not, by the accompaniments of the table, be *enticed* to excess; and it was partially to escape the *temptations* of society that he left London and buried himself in the country, when he became his own master. We regret that truth compels us to record the failing, even in this imperfect delineation of so great and good a man." The conduct of Lamb in this last particular is a proof of his wisdom. While we pray not to be led into temptation, we are bound to flee from it whenever it presents itself. But how much wiser it would be to remove the temptation of strong drink from the great mass of the community, by shutting up all the dens in which it holds out its allurements and its snares. Close all the gin-palaces and beer-shops of the kingdom, and prohibit all traffic and sale in the destructive poisons; in short, enact and enforce a Maine law for Great Britain and Ireland; and there would then be rescued from the demon of intemperance, millions who are now more or less injured by a greater, or less degree of indulgence, and the wealth, as well as morality and happiness of the kingdom, would be inceseased many fold. I am, yours faithfully. J. S. Buckingham.

London, Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1854.

MID-OCTOBER DAYS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

At this season of the year great changes are wrought upon the face of nature in a few weeks, or even by a few days. Lenox, in the middle of September, stood in untarnished green. Grass and flowers were plump and succulent with copious juices. Here and there a coquette of a leaf displayed gay colours among its yet sober maple leaves. A shade of yellow, a bright streak of red, might be seen in single trees, as if nature, like an artist, was trying its colours to make sure of the right shades before laying them on the gorgeous canvas. Yet all these made no impression upon the vast front of the mountains around us, that still lay patiently, like mighty dromedaries camped down against the horizon—a caravan that shall never rise up to the voice of a driver, nor move, until He who formed them shall scatter them!

It is now mid-October. All things are changed. Of all the railroads near New York none can compare for beauty of scenery with the Housatonic from Newton up to Pittsfield, but especially from New Milford to Lenox.

That scenery now seemed enchanted. The Housatonic was the same. The skies the same. The mountain farms the same. But they had blossomed into resplendent colours from top to base. It seemed strange to see such majestic things, that seem always images of firmness and majesty, now tricked out with fairy pomp as if all the spirits of the air had revelled there, and hung their glowing scarfs on every leaf and bough.

Once more I am upon this serene hill-top. The air is very clear, very still, and very solemn, or rather, tenderly sad, in its very brightness. It is not that moist spring air, full of the smell of wood, of the soil, and of vegetation brought from the South. It is not that summer atmosphere, full of alternations of haze and fervent clearness, as if nature were brewing every day some influence for its myriad paths, and falling sometimes in showers, and sometimes with coercive heat upon root and leaf; and, like a universal task-master, was driving up the hours to accomplish the labours of the year. No! In these autumn days there is a sense of leisure and of meditation. The sun seems to look down upon the labours of its fiery hands with complacency. Be satisfied, O seasonable sun! Thou hast shaped an ample year, and art garnering up harvests which well may swell thy rejoicing heart with gracious gladness.

One who breaks off in the summer, and returns in autumn to the hills, needs almost to come to a new acquaintance with the most familiar things. It is another world, or it is the old world, a masquerading; and you halt, like one scrutinizing a disguised friend, between the obvious dissemblance and the subtle likeness.

There stood two elms leaning their branches toward each other, forming a glorious arch of green. Now in faint yellow, they grow attenuated, and seem as if departing; fading out of sight, as trees do in twilight. Yonder, over against that young growth of birch and evergreen, stood all summer a perfect maple tree, rounded out on every side, thick with luxuriant foliage, and dark with greenness, save when the morning sun, streaming though it, sent transparency to its very heart. Now it is a tower of gorgeous red. So sober and solemn did it seem all summer that I should as soon have thought to see a prophet dancing at a peasant's holiday, as it ventured to such intense gayety! Its fellows, too, the birches and the walnuts, burn from head to foot with fires that glow but never consume.

But these holiday hills! Have the evening clouds suffused with sun-set, dropt down fixed into solid forms? Have the rainbows that followed autumn storms faded upon the mountains and left their mantles there? Yet, with all their brilliancy, how modest do they seem—patient when bare, or burdened with winter; cheerful when flushed with summer green; and modest still when they lift up their wreathed and crowned heads in the resplendent days of autumn?

I stand alone upon the peaceful summit of this hill, and turn in every direction. The east is all aglow; the blue north flushes all her hills with radiance; the west stands in burnished armour; the southern hills buckle the zone of the horizon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gods! Of gazing there cannot be enough. The hunger of the eye grows by feeding.

Only the brotherhood of evergreen—the pine, the cedar, the spruce, and the hemlock—refuse to join this universal revel. They wear their sober green straight through fall and winter, as if they were set to keep open the path of summer through the whole year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the merry leaves that frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counselled, but will die bright and laughing. But both together—the transfigured leaves of deciduous trees and the calm unchang